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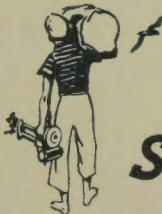
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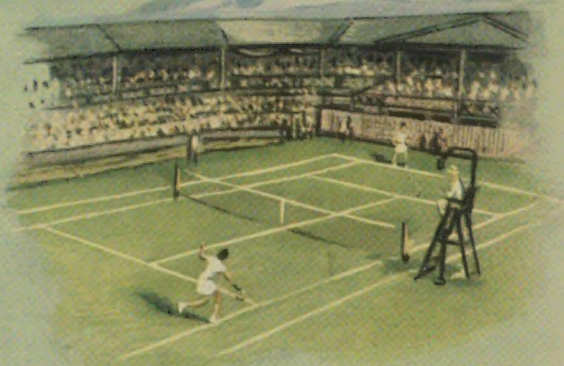
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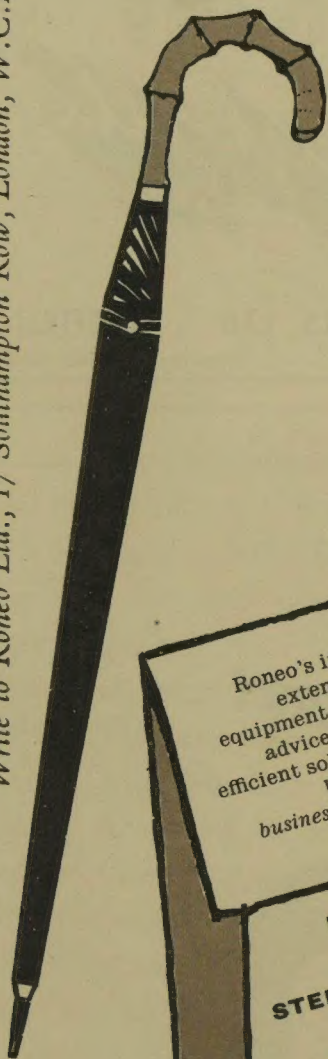
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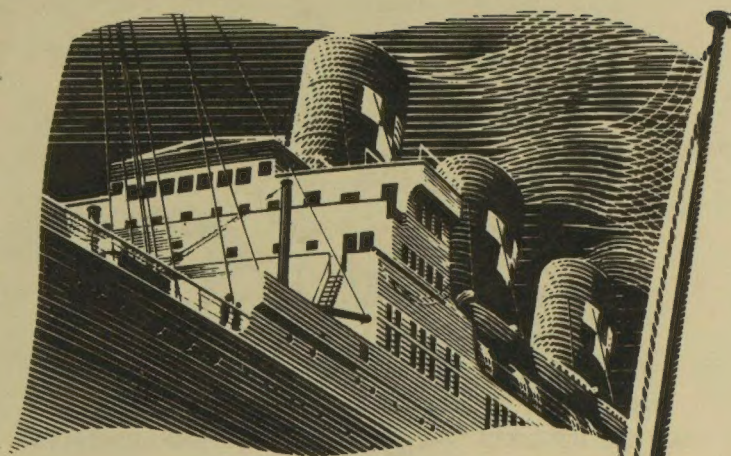


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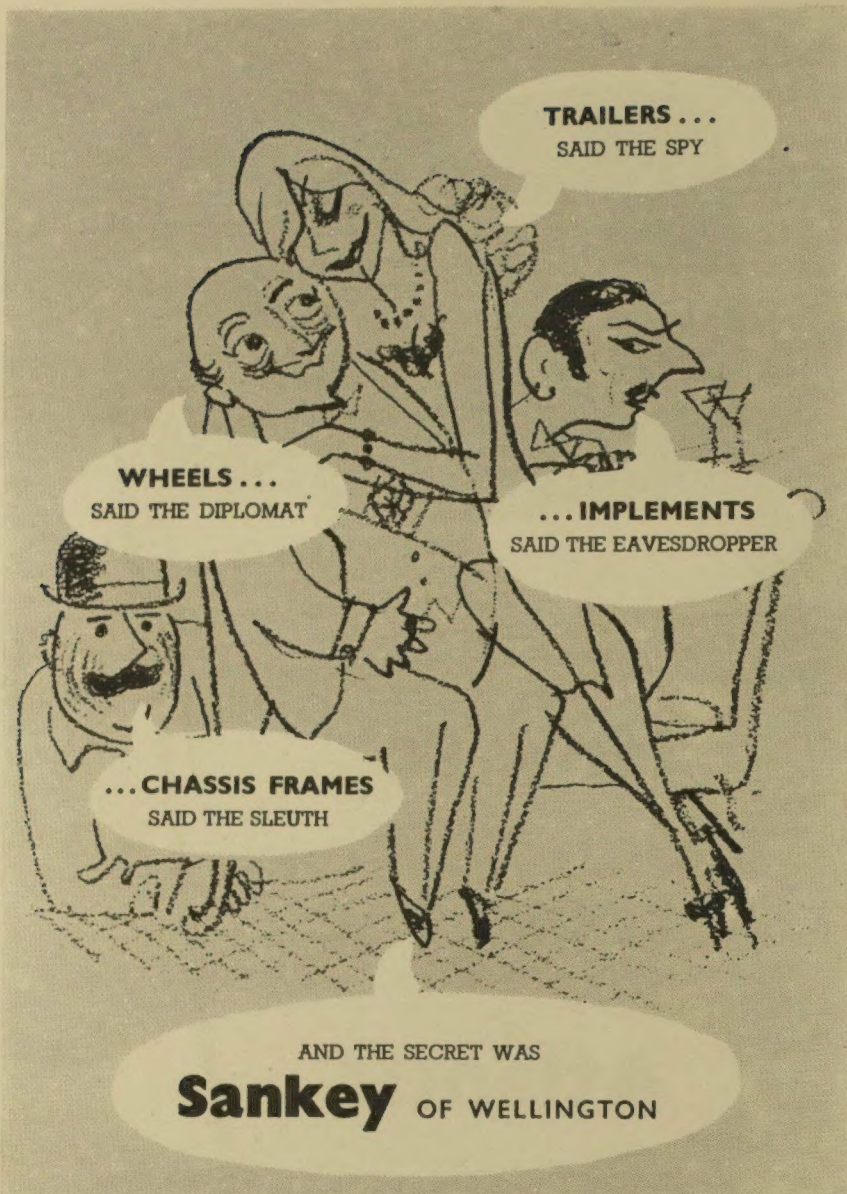
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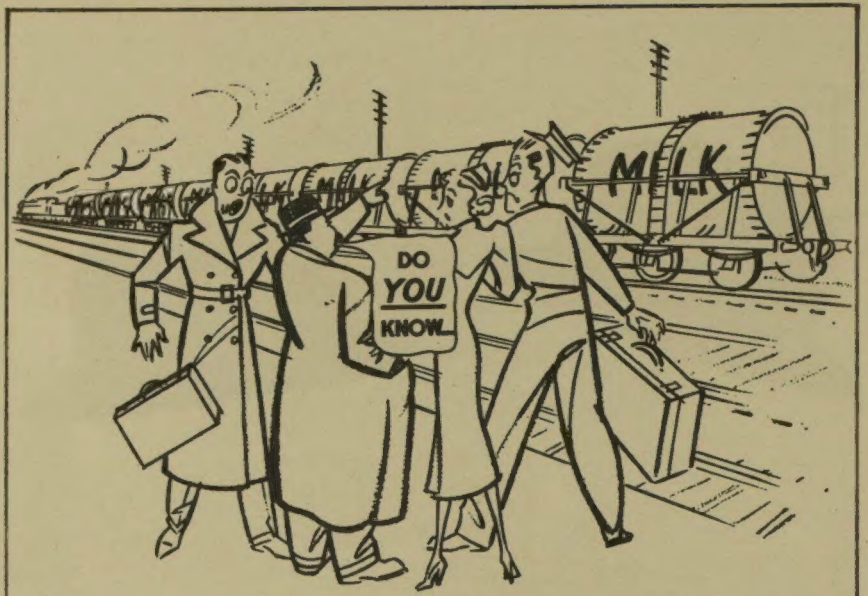
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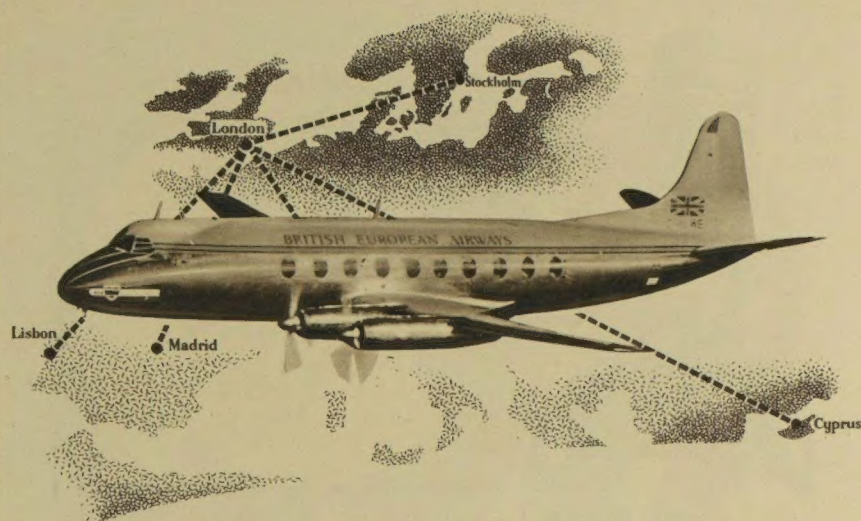
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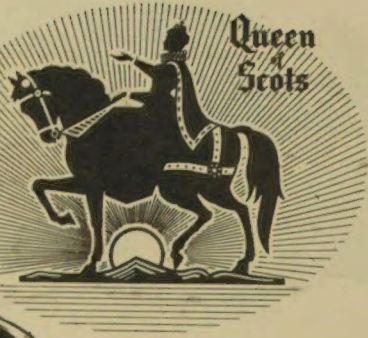


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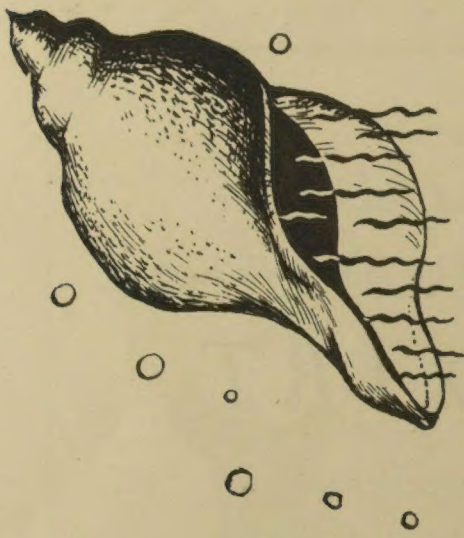
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BEFORE THE THUNDER and smoke of battle, the tensest moment: the ships sliding towards each other over the hissing sea, the guns run out, the crews still...and waiting. When someone murmurs the blasphemous grace "For what we are about to receive..."

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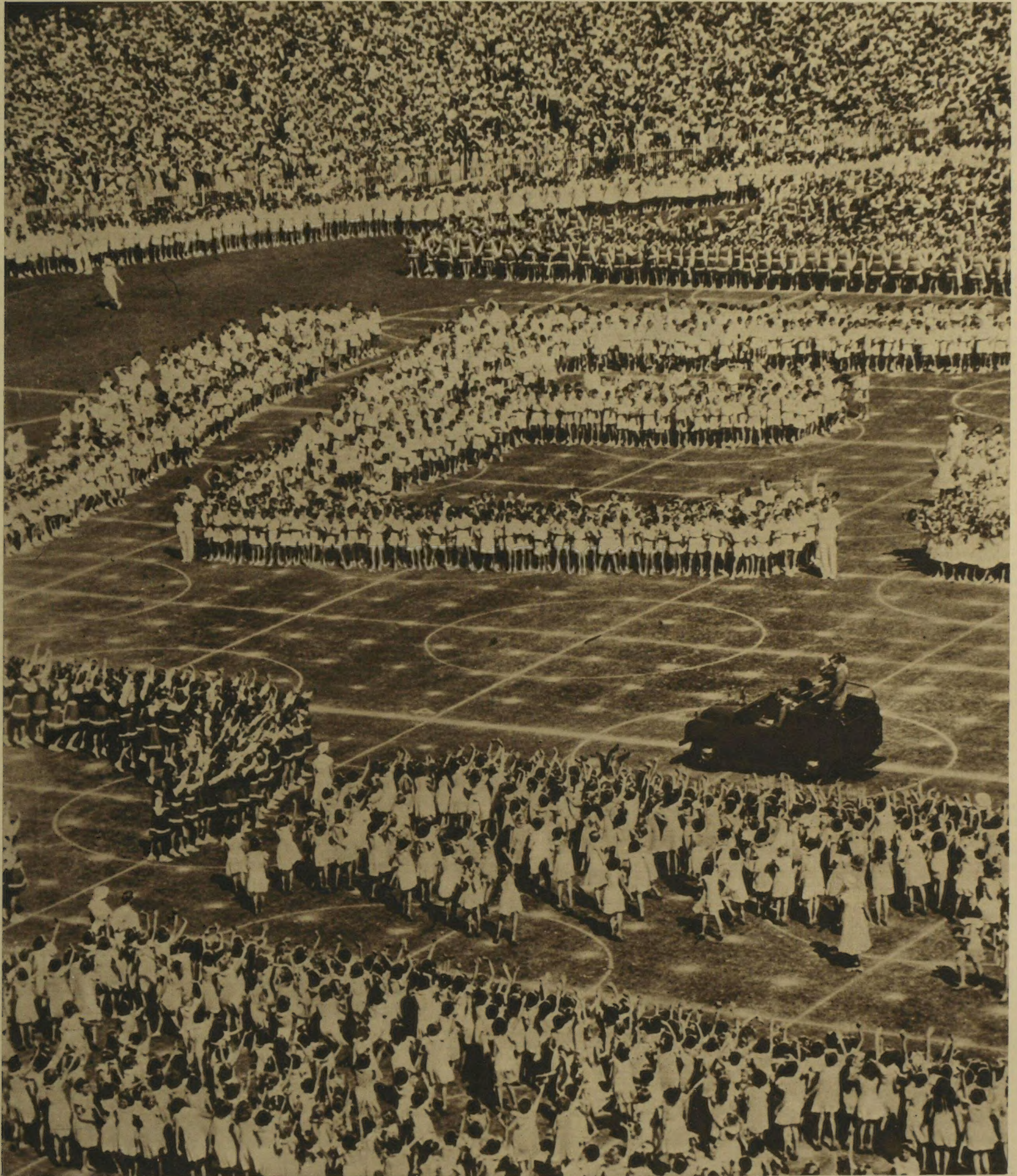
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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1954.



YOUNG MELBOURNE GREETES THE QUEEN WITH UNPARALLELED ENTHUSIASM: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE DRIVING THROUGH LANES OF CHILDREN, SOME LINED UP TO FORM THE WORD "WELCOME," ON THE CRICKET GROUND.

Melbourne cricket ground has known many thrilling moments in Test Match play, but never until March 4 had it lived through scenes of such tremendous and heartfelt young enthusiasm as those which marked the Schoolchildren's Rally, display and greeting to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. Seventeen thousand youngsters were drawn up in ranks on the green turf, and with military precision had moved into formation to present the word "Welcome" in an arc, 30 ft. deep and 200 ft. long, as the Royal pair drove through the ranks in a Landrover.

Later there was an excellent display of gymnastics and a maypole dance, vivid, lively and spontaneous, and the Queen and the Duke found the performance so enjoyable that they remained for a considerable time after the appointed moment of departure. A crowd estimated at 80,000 had assembled to watch the proceedings, and as the Landrover crossed the cricket ground the children surged towards it and it had to slow down. In our photograph the letter "E" is clearly to be distinguished, formed by the children, who wore red, blue and white costumes.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE is not much to laugh at in the newspapers nowadays. But the notion of the spectators at a cricket match pelting the umpire with bottles every time he gives a member of the home side out has, to an English mind, a certain element of humour. It is the kind of impossible, hitherto unimaginable and therefore highly laughable situation which one expects to find in the columns of "Beachcomber" and the chronicles of Narkover. I do not suppose, however, it seemed laughable to members of the M.C.C. team in the West Indies when it actually occurred the other day at Bridgetown. With the sight and sound of the ugly reality of it before them it probably seemed a good deal more like a nightmare than a joke. Nightmares can be funny when one wakes from them, but are seldom so at the time. An angry, senseless, hysterical mob bellowing and rioting because a batsman out of his crease has been given "Out," is just as frightening and horrifying as a hysterical crowd bellowing and rioting because a President has been deposed or a statesman has offended against national pride or popular interest. It is not the cause which makes mob violence shocking, but the brutal unreason and violence itself. Any abdication of the dignity and self-control of man or woman is a dreadful thing. It is far more terrible than the uncontrolled passion of an animal. It is the mark, the outward symbol, of the beast in man, of the force of evil and lawless anarchy, which man, when he becomes beast, can unloose in the world. Our ancestors, who were wiser in these matters than we, used to regard such force as diabolical. It came, they thought, from the Devil—the living symbol and personification of Evil.

Twenty or thirty years ago civilised men in this country laughed at such notions, and treated them as ludicrous and as discarded myths. It is far more difficult to laugh at them to-day. Though in this still fortunate island we have been spared as yet the spectacle of anarchy, mob brutality and invading violence, we have seen all over the world, and at times at no great distance from our shores, the spectacle of man transformed into beast. We have seen hatred, unreasoning passion and hysteria riding men's souls and bodies as though they were possessed by evil spirits—those, it has almost seemed, of the very fiends and witches in whom our simpler ancestors believed. From the communal riots in India and Pakistan to the mobs of formerly peaceful Cairo and Khartoum, from the raging denunciations of the inquisitors of the People's Republics to the senatorial witch-hunts of Boss McCarthy, we have seen how quickly men can relapse into the bullying brutality of the unreasoning herd. There is little difference—for both are animated by hate and both deny reason, humanity and just dealing—between anarchy and authoritarian tyranny; both come out of the same stable and both in my belief wear the Devil's livery. In his brilliant play, "The Burning Glass," my old friend Charles Morgan has described a totalitarian State—the mob or herd transformed into the machine—as like "a loathsome prep-school, an old-fashioned and vile prep-school . . . A prevailing spirit of muscular profanity; a tough totalitarian prep-school with all the soccer eleven dressed up in leather jackets and beating the little boys into shouting the old school-songs. On the outside, hearty; on the sly, schoolboy, corrupt. . . . Baksheesh to the prefects; suck-up to the masters; sneak to the matron and lick the sixth-form boots. . . . Whatever isn't school custom, isn't done. Whatever isn't school jargon, isn't said. Whatever the whole school doesn't think, isn't thought, and what the Masters don't know isn't knowledge. . . . And beat the old school drum! Hurrah for the Hero of the School who shot six goals in the away match! Down with the reactionary hyena who whistled a tune of his own. . . . An eternal prep-school from which no one goes home for the holidays." * That is what the world becomes when anger, passion and hysteria are enthroned. And the Devil sits in the master's class and wields the rod.

Hatred, denunciation, destruction! That is the ticket of the embattled herd—the enemy of civilisation. Harry the blackleg! Silence the critic! Root out the foreigner! Cut down the tree! Smash and slay whatever stands in the unreasoning herd's path or cannot be understood! The objective is the flattened desert, where there is no sound but that of the herd-leader, the truncheon of his gangsters, and the bellowing of the obedient multitude. We have seen it in Prussia, we have seen it in Russia, and we may see it, unless we are careful, in America and England. Senator McCarthy in the all-powerful senatorial committee and the British bureaucracy under the Welfare and Statutory Order State—though as yet only very small and comparatively gentle brothers of Hitler and Stalin—have two things in common both with one another and with their larger prototypes: they cannot stomach opposition and always insist on having the last word. And they are growing in stature, not moral stature, but

physical stature, which in herd parlance is all that matters. The many admirable personal virtues of our civil servants, with their industry, private frugality and unassuming ways, and the rather more flamboyant virtues—acceptable in his own country—of the Grand Inquisitor of Washington may blind Britons and Americans to what is happening in their ostensibly libertarian lands. Bottles flung by a bullying mob at the umpire are only the first crude symptoms of this diabolical mania—for such it is—for crushing all opposition to the majority will or lust of the hour. What begins as transient hysteria becomes in the process of time and evolution an organised tyranny. Before long we shall find that there are no longer any umpires; impartiality has ceased to be a virtue and become treason to the majority and those who manipulate and exploit the majority. Already a State Department in this libertarian country of ours—the traditional nursery of Western freedom—without allowing a man any right of appeal to the open and impartial Courts

of Law, can by a mere stroke of the pen, deprive a man of his home, his land and his livelihood. Fifty years ago, within my own lifetime, such tyranny would have been unthinkable. If the present trend continues for another thirty or forty years, at a date still conceivably within my lifetime, a Department of State—in other words, an official—may be able to take away a man's life and personal freedom without trial, as it to-day can in Soviet Russia or any other "People's Republic." For without realising it, our so-called progress is leading us straight in this direction. The essential thing is that, before it becomes too late, we should understand and take our bearings. Perhaps the shower of bottles thrown at the umpire by a transatlantic mob may give us cause to pause and remind us of our danger. For the moment, that "power without law can make law," even in a cricket-match, we are face to face with the problem with which lovers of freedom in all ages have had to contend. There is no land in the world, not even the United

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY CRASH IN THE PYRENEES.



BROKEN IN TWO AFTER CRASHING INTO A DEEP RAVINE NEAR LUCHON, IN THE PYRENEES: THE LEADING CAR OF A COG-RAILWAY TRAIN FULL OF SKIERS FROM THE WINTER SPORTS RESORT OF SUPERBAGNÈRES.



A DISASTER IN WHICH NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED: TWO OF THE DERAILED CARS OF THE MOUNTAIN COG-RAILWAY TRAIN WHICH CRASHED INTO A RAVINE NEAR LUCHON, IN THE PYRENEES. Nine people, including the driver, were killed and many injured on February 28, when the engine and two cars of a mountain cog-railway train plunged into a deep ravine as it was bringing a load of skiers to Luchon, in the Pyrenees, from the winter sports resort of Superbagnères. Though derailed, the remaining cars were saved by the brakeman. The train was about two miles from Luchon when the brakes failed. As it sped downhill out of control, passengers jumped from the windows, but were killed when they struck the rock wall and fell back under the train.

States, where the sense of liberty, the hatred of violence and lawless constraint, is so deeply rooted in men as in this country. The problem of the hour is to make them realise, before it is too late, that through carelessness and thoughtlessness they are allowing their heritage to be weakened and destroyed. The battle for liberty and impartial law, its guardian—for an umpire, as it were—is a never-ceasing one, and has to be re-fought in every generation. Some words of Disraeli, which I have quoted on this page before, but which cannot be too often repeated, express the truth of the matter. "The formation of a free government on an extensive scale, while it is assuredly one of the most interesting problems of humanity is certainly the greatest achievement of human wit. Perhaps I should rather term it a superhuman achievement; for it requires such refined prudence, such comprehensive knowledge and such perspicacious sagacity, united with such almost illimitable powers of combination, that it is nearly in vain to hope for qualities so rare to be congregated in a solitary mind. . . . With us it has been the growth of ages, and brooding centuries have watched over and tended its perilous birth and feeble infancy."

* "The Burning Glass." Charles Morgan. Macmillan. pp. 149-50

RIOTING IN THE SUDAN: STREET SCENES IN KHARTOUM.



TURBANED AND ROBED IN SHINING WHITE: SUDANESE AT KHARTOUM AIRPORT BEING TOLD TO DISPERSE BY A SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE LOUD-SPEAKER VAN.



SHOUTING "SUDAN FOR THE SUDANESE!": SOME OF THE MAHDI'S FOLLOWERS ADVANCING ALONG THE ROAD TO THE AIRPORT, WHILE A MOUNTED POLICEMAN TRIES TO HOLD THEM BACK.



(ABOVE.)
STORMING THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR, KHARTOUM: SUDANESE DEMONSTRATORS IN KITCHENER SQUARE DURING THE RIOTS ON MARCH 1, WHEN GENERAL NEGUIB VISITED THE CAPITAL.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR: GENERAL NEGUIB (RIGHT) WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN, SIR ROBERT HOWE.

Continued.

and chanting slogans, whilst members of the Sudan Defence Force tried to disperse them with the aid of loud-speakers. After General Neguib arrived he inspected a guard of honour, accompanied by the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, and then drove to the latter's palace. It was outside the palace that the rival factions clashed. Some of General Neguib's supporters staged a noisy demonstration,

ON March 1, after the arrival of General Neguib to attend the opening of the first Sudanese Parliament in Khartoum, serious rioting broke out between pro-Egyptian demonstrators and followers of the Umma Party demanding independence for the Sudan, and it is reported that thirty-three persons were killed and many more injured. These demonstrators massed outside the airport, carrying banners

(Continued below, left.)



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL NEGUIB: ISMAIL EL AZHARY, THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN (LEFT), TALKING TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

but were driven off without casualties. But followers of the Mahdi, the religious leader of the Umma Party, which favours Sudanese independence, arrived on the scene and tried to enter the grounds of the palace to see General Neguib, and the police, after having used tear-gas without effect, had to open fire. The opening of the Parliament was postponed and the General returned to Cairo.



HER MAJESTY IN VICTORIA: SCENES DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE VISIT TO MELBOURNE.

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Melbourne from Tasmania on February 24 and received the most tumultuous welcome in the city's history. On the following day her Majesty opened the State Parliament of Victoria in Melbourne's ninety-eight-year-old Legislative Council Chamber. This was the fifth Parliament to be opened by the Queen during her tour. In the evening, the Royal visitors attended a ball in Government

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) AFTER OPENING THE STATE PARLIAMENT OF VICTORIA: THE QUEEN LEAVING PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, WEARING A LOVELY DRESS OF IVORY SATIN.

(RIGHT.) AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE QUEEN SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.



MELBOURNE'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: CROWDS LINING ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN STREETS AS HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE DROVE TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



ABOUT TO ENTER PARLIAMENT HOUSE TO RECEIVE AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME: H.M. THE QUEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY HEMMED IN BY THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.



AFTER DEDICATING A FORECOURT AND LIGHTING AN ETERNAL FLAME: THE QUEEN, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE.



BEFORE RE-ENTERING HER CAR: THE QUEEN OUTSIDE MELBOURNE'S HUGE STONE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE, WHERE HER MAJESTY DEDICATED A PAVED FORECOURT.

(Continued.)

House. On February 28, their first Sunday in Melbourne, the Queen and the Duke attended Divine Service in St. Paul's Cathedral before driving to the Shrine of Remembrance, where the Queen dedicated a paved forecourt, laid in the form of a cross, to the memory of Australian forces who served in World War II, and in Korea—she also kindled a perpetual flame that burns for the fallen. The Queen and the Duke had no official engagements that afternoon or the following day, although they were present at a performance of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" at the Princess Theatre on the evening of March 1.

THE ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE FULFILLING ENGAGEMENTS IN VICTORIA, AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



AT KOORYONG TENNIS COURTS ON FEBRUARY 27: THE QUEEN PRESENTING A SILVER TRAY TO LEWIS HOAD, ON HER MAJESTY'S RIGHT IS SIR NORMAN BROOKES.



GREETED BY A GUARD OF HONOUR OF AUSTRALIAN BALL GIRLS: THE QUEEN, PRECEDED BY THE DUKE, ARRIVING AT KOORYONG TENNIS COURTS, THE WIMBLEDON OF AUSTRALIA, WHERE THEY RECEIVED AN ALMOST DEAFENING WELCOME.



CONGRATULATING THE JOCKEY WHO WON THE QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES ON CROMIS: THE QUEEN AT FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE ON FEBRUARY 27.



CLOSE TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT GAMBIER ON FEBRUARY 26: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT MARK'S LOOK-OUT, WHICH AFFORDS A GOOD VIEW OF THE SMALLER VOLCANIC LAKES.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF MEMBERS OF THE W.R.A.N.S.: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT FLINDERS NAVAL DEPÔT, FIFTY MILES FROM MELBOURNE ON MARCH 20.



GREETED ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE FOR A PERFORMANCE OF OFFENBACH'S "TALES OF HOFFMANN": THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN MELBOURNE.

On February 26 the Queen and the Duke made a brief visit by air to Mount Gambier, in South Australia. Here her Majesty planted an ash-tree beside one of the lakes and climbed to Mark's Look-out, which affords a good view of the smaller volcanic lakes. Before returning to Melbourne the Royal visitors twice broke their flight to receive the loyal greetings of the shire of Dundas and the city of Hamilton. On the following day, February 27, the Queen and the Duke went to Flemington racecourse, where they saw *Cromis*, a colt by *Helios*,

who was bred by the late King George VI., win the Queen Elizabeth Stakes. After the third race the Duke went to the Kooyong tennis courts to see part of a lawn-tennis match between Australia and South Africa. The Queen joined him there an hour later and received a deafening reception: she was presented with a gold miniature of the Davis Cup. On March 2 the Duke spent most of the day at Flinders Naval Depôt, fifty miles from Melbourne, which is the main training centre of the Royal Australian Navy.

UNCROWNED QUEEN OF FRANCE.

"MADAME DE POMPADOUR"; By NANCY MITFORD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TALLEYRAND, who contrived to survive into, and cash in on, several régimes after the Ancien Régime had crashed, said that he who had not known life before the French Revolution could not know how agreeable life might be. Burke, contemplating the foul crimes of that Revolution, and especially the butchery of Marie Antoinette, broke into something near a eulogy of the age which had preceded it. "Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom: little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the noise of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Both these men were writing about the Court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, a harmless locksmith he and a harmless shepherdess she; but, had they harked back to the reign of Louis XV., they might have written rather differently: the French Revolution, like the Russian Revolution—and possibly

will swallow. But the agitators must always have something to work on. And in France they certainly had.

Miss Mitford has been known hitherto as an extremely acute and amusing novelist who, by dint



MADAME DE POMPADOUR (1752).

(From the portrait sketch by Maurice-Quentin de la Tour, Louvre.)
Illustrations from the book "Madame de Pompadour"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

of her gaiety, easy flow of words, ability to etch characters, and ability also (because of her charm) to "get away with murder" concerning the subjects with which she deals, has chosen a subject and a period which offer a congenial ground for her investigation, which supply ample materials for her inclination towards the exquisitely-finished in all the arts, and materials ampler still for her connoisseurship of naughtiness. She gives us a sympathetic and honest portrait of Madame de Pompadour, and a painstaking picture of Versailles, in Louis XV.'s time, with a thousand noblemen and their hangers-on inhabiting the Palace. She also delineates the monarch himself and, as I think, all too tenderly. It is easy to understand a King, for whom a political marriage has been arranged, going elsewhere for sympathy. Our Charles II. did it; never losing his respect for his wife or going into the back-alleys for a bed-mate. But Louis XV., with the most devoted, intelligent and useful mistress he could have wished, could not even be faithful to her; not only that, but he had men-servants scouting the neighbourhood for him in order that he might indulge in casual amours with women whom he would not have recognised the next week.

Meanwhile the French nobility kow-towed, gossiped and sniggered; the descendants of the men who had led Crusades and fought us at Cressy and Agincourt. Dr. Trevelyan, years ago, said that the French Revolution would never have happened had the nobility played cricket with their villagers. But by Louis XV.'s time they hadn't a

chance of doing such a thing. His great-grandfather Louis XIV., with the memory of a Civil War and turbulent nobles always in mind, had forced all the greater nobility of France to surround him at Versailles and Marly (for which see St. Simon *passim*), in order to draw their teeth; they wasted their time, their substance and their honour. They had privileges—especially in the way of exemption from taxes—but they were not allowed any duties, except trivial duties in the stables, in the drawing-room and in the bed-chamber. Louis XIV. caused the French Revolution; Louis XVI. lost his

head through it; Louis XV. lived until the fringe of it, and was utterly unaware of its causes.

The Pompadour (born Mademoiselle Poisson, or Miss Fish, which her enemies never forgot) told her husband, when she married, and by whom she had two children, that she would never leave him except for the King. She then proceeded to set her cap at the King, driving out in phaetons, she in pink in a blue phaeton, or in blue in a pink phaeton. She captivated him, in the end, at a fancy-dress ball: thenceforward, until her death, she was the uncrowned Queen of France. Not, on the whole, a bad one. She was at least (and it isn't saying much) more intelligent about foreign politics than her Bourbon mate; and she had good taste.

Boucher painted her; she was a friend of Voltaire, who called her "*Sincère et tendre Pompadour*"; she collected furniture, pictures, statues, enamels, and all of the best. Duvaux the dealer sent her a bill in December 1751:

A little ormolu lantern, with lacquer trellis, decorated with flowers of Vincennes china. 336 livres.

Two screens of massive amaranthus wood. 48 livres.

Two small Dresden candlesticks. 48 livres.

Two *pois pourris* of India work, decorated with ormolu. 72 livres.

A figure in white Vincennes. A Chinese sunshade. 9 livres.

A dove-cote on a column, with pigeons on the roof and a terrace with two figures and other pigeons. 168 livres.

All these things nowadays would be described as Louis Quinze: they were really Madame de Pompadour—or Miss Fish.

"This was the Pompadour's fan," runs a line by a modern English poet. That has the ring of something about a lady of romance. Neither before reading Miss Mitford's book—which becomes better and better after she has made her unaccustomed beginning—nor after have I felt even slightly drawn towards La Pompadour, as one may feel amiably to Nell Gwyn. She was intelligent; she had taste; she was resolved to be "on the map"; and had "Louis-the-Well-Beloved" been an utterly stupid fool she would have headed for him, and got him.



MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S DOG: A STATUETTE OF PION IN VINCENNES PORCELAIN.

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Louis Clarke.

However, caring nothing about the principal characters in Miss Mitford's book, I could still read it again: so well does she indicate the subordinate characters, and so well depict the scenes, outdoor and indoor. She has made herself well familiar with the period: her sympathies with individuals are, after all, her own affair. But I don't think that Burke would have liked her book. It might have thrown him backwards.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 418 of this issue.



MISS NANCY MITFORD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Miss Nancy Mitford, who was born in 1904, is a daughter of the 2nd Baron Redesdale. She is married to the Hon. Peter Rodd, brother and heir-presumptive to the 2nd Baron Rennell. Her books include: "The Pursuit of Love", "Love in a Cold Climate"; and "The Blessing."



MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S BIRDS (EACH ONE A PORTRAIT), 1750.
(From the painting by Jean-Baptiste Oudry. Reproduced by courtesy of M. de Cayeux.)

like revolutions in Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt long ago—came just as things were going to be altered and adapted, anyhow. The agitators—renegade, and sometimes dissipated, gentlemen, briefless barristers, ambitious junior officers, discontented schoolmasters and excitable journalists—are always there, to rally an urban mob who will believe anything they are told—and deceive the peasantry (who grow the food by which we live) with any yarn which the peasantry

* "Madame de Pompadour." By Nancy Mitford. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.)



CAPABLE OF AN UNDERWATER SPEED OF 20-30 KNOTS: THE LAUNCHING OF H.M.S. *EXPLORER*, A BRITISH SUBMARINE OF REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN, WITH HYDROGEN PEROXIDE-DRIVEN ENGINES.

On March 5 the new British experimental submarine was launched at the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., and named *Explorer* by Lady Reid Young, the wife of Sir James Reid Young, the chairman of the Company. This submarine has an extreme length of 225 ft. 6 ins., and a beam of 15 ft. 8 ins., is the first British submarine to be launched since the completion of the "A" class submarines in 1948, and is fitted with the latest escape equipment, including a one-man escape chamber. Her chief feature, however, lies in her engines, which are of a new type using hydrogen peroxide fuel, which, it is stated, will give her a maximum

underwater speed of over 20 knots, the ability to cruise submerged for thousands of miles and to dispense with the *Snort* breathing-tube. The use of hydrogen peroxide fuel for submarines was developed towards the end of the war by German naval scientists led by Dr. Walther, and one such experimental German submarine fell into British hands at the end of the war. It was renamed H.M.S. *Meteorite* and underwent evaluation tests; and as a result the Admiralty decided to hasten the development of closed-cycle, high-test hydrogen peroxide propulsion. H.M.S. *Explorer* is expected to be ready for sea early in 1955.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DIED ON MARCH 6: LORD LYLE OF WESTBOURNE.

Lord Lyle, who was seventy-one, was President of the sugar-refining firm of Tate and Lyle. He was Unionist M.P. for the Stratford Division of West Ham 1918-22 and for Epping 1923-24. In 1949 he sponsored "Mr. Cube," symbol of the sugar industry's fight against the threat of nationalisation, whose portrait appeared on every packet of his firm's sugar.



ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY GOLD MEDALLIST: SIR JOHN RUSSELL.

The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society agreed unanimously on March 3 to confer the Society's gold medal on Sir John Russell, F.R.S., late President of the International Society of Soil Science, in recognition of his contributions to soil science and food production. It is the first award of the medal for four years. Since its inception in 1933 there have been only ten recipients.



DIED ON MARCH 6: SIR JOHN MYRES, THE EMINENT HISTORIAN.

Sir John Myres, Emeritus Professor of Ancient History at Oxford University, was eighty-four. His long life was devoted to the study of Greece, both ancient and modern. He was Wykeham Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, 1910-39, and was chairman of the British School of Archaeology, Athens, 1934-47. His largest and most important work was "Who Were the Greeks?"



DIED ON MARCH 4: MR. NOEL GAY, THE WELL-KNOWN COMPOSER.

Mr. Noel Gay, composer of "The Lambeth Walk," was fifty-five. He intended originally to devote himself to classical music, but soon found that he had the gift of writing popular songs. Among his successes were "There's Something About a Soldier" and "Around the Marble Arch." In 1937 he wrote the music for "Me and My Girl," which ran for 1500 consecutive performances.



DEPUTY PREMIER OF EGYPT ONCE MORE: COLONEL NASSER.

Rapid changes in the organisation of the military junta of Egypt on March 8, brought Colonel Nasser back to his former post of Deputy Premier. On General Nguib's resignation he had assumed the offices of Premier and Chairman of the Revolutionary Council. General Nguib has become Premier once more as well as Chairman of the Egyptian Revolutionary Council.



KILLED IN THE RECENT SUDAN RIOTING: MR. H. S. MCGUIGAN.

When fighting broke out in Khartoum on March 1 between pro-Egyptian demonstrators and tribesmen demanding Sudanese independence, thirty-three people were believed to have been killed, including the British Commandant of the city police force, Mr. H. S. McGuigan. He was thirty-six, and the only British police officer in Khartoum. He joined the Sudan police in 1947.



DIED ON MARCH 2: THE RIGHT HON. MR. TOM KENNEDY.

Formerly Chief Whip of the Labour Party, Mr. Tom Kennedy, who was seventy-eight, was Labour M.P. for Kirkcaldy 1921-22, 1923-31 and 1935-44. Mr. Kennedy was Deputy Chief Whip of the Labour Party 1925-27 and Chief Whip, 1927-31. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, 1929-31. During World War I. he served in the R.A.M.C.



INJURED BY A BOMB ON MARCH 5: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

The Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohamed Ben Moulay Araf, was slightly injured by a grenade thrown during Friday prayer on March 5 in the Marrakesh Mosque. This is the second attempt on his life since his installation last August. He was able to walk unaided to his car. A man attempting to leave the mosque after the outrage was shot dead.



SCULPTOR AND ARCHITECT OF THE KING GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL: MR. W. McMILLAN (LEFT) AND MR. LOUIS DE SOISSONS.

Mr. William McMillan, R.A., who is to be sculptor of the King George VI. Memorial, designed the statue of King George V. at Calcutta and the Beatty Memorial Fountain in Trafalgar Square. Mr. de Soissons, R.A., has been a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission since 1949.



CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE U.S. ARMY DISPUTE OVER COMMUNISM: SENATOR MCCARTHY (LEFT) AND MR. ROBERT T. STEVENS.

The allegation made by Senator McCarthy last February that the Army had been "coddling Communists" has brought about an open clash between the Senator and the Secretary of the Army, Mr. Stevens. The charge has been described as "tommy rot" by Mr. Wilson, U.S. Secretary of Defence.



IN KENYA: THE C.I.G.S., FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING (LEFT), ON HIS ARRIVAL THERE ON FEBRUARY 27.

Field Marshal Sir John Harding arrived in Nairobi on February 27 to study operations against the Mau Mau. He was met at the airport by the C-in-C. East Africa, General Sir George Erskine (centre), and the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring (right).



CELEBRATING THEIR SILVER WEDDING THIS MONTH: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY.

Prince Olav, Crown Prince of Norway, married Princess Märtha of Sweden on March 21, 1929, and they are thus celebrating their silver wedding this month. The Crown Prince is the son of King Haakon and the late Queen Maud of Norway (daughter of King Edward VII.). Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit Norway for the Silver Wedding celebrations.

ON A LONDON CRUSADE: MR. BILLY GRAHAM, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST.



"I AM CALLING ON YOU TO PRAY AS YOU HAVE NOT PRAYED BEFORE . . .": MR. BILLY GRAHAM, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST, ADDRESSING A CONGREGATION OF SOME 11,000 PEOPLE IN HARRINGAY ARENA ON MARCH 1, AT THE OPENING OF HIS THREE-MONTH CRUSADE OF GREATER LONDON.



BEING GIVEN A TREMENDOUS RECEPTION ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON: MR. BILLY GRAHAM AT WATERLOO STATION ON FEBRUARY 24, SURROUNDED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF OVER A THOUSAND PEOPLE. IT TOOK MR. GRAHAM TWENTY MINUTES TO COVER THE 200 YARDS TO HIS CAR IN THE STATION APPROACH.

The huge arena at Harringay, with its seating for over 11,000 people, was completely filled and several hundreds had to be turned away disappointed when Mr. Billy Graham, the American evangelist, began his three-month crusade of Greater London on the evening of March 1. Mr. Graham spoke from a rostrum draped in purple and adorned with daffodils, white lilac, carnations and hot-house irises. To one side were an electric organ and a grand piano, while behind were ranged the 2200 choristers. During the service, which lasted ninety minutes, the congregation joined the choir in the singing of favourite hymns. In his sermon, Mr. Graham

said: "I am calling on you to pray as you have not prayed before, because I am convinced the only way our generation can have peace, can be spared the paralysis of materialism and secularism, is for us Christians to fall on our faces before God and beseech Him." After the final hymn more than 300 from the congregation asked for guidance, and met specially trained church workers with whom they discussed their problems. That Mr. Graham's reputation as a preacher had already reached this country before he arrived is evinced by the tremendous welcome he received at Waterloo Station on February 24.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WOODRUFF AND FAMILY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH I have only known and grown five out of the dozen or so *Asperulas* which are described or mentioned by Reginald Farrer in his "English Rock Garden"

and in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," I have a feeling that there are probably several other highly desirable species waiting to be harvested for English horticulture by some enterprising plant collector. Even allowing for Farrer's astonishing gift for painting vivid word pictures of plants which he had only seen, perhaps, as dried specimens in a herbarium, and for exaggerating things which never happened, I feel drawn towards looking for *Asperula pendula* "depending in a very dense, minutely downy mass from the crevices and Alpine grottoes of Granada"; or for *Asperula pluvialis*—on hilltops of Attica at about 4000 ft.—with its dense, furry tufts 4 or 5 ins. across, and lovely, long, shell-pink corollas.

Most of the *Asperulas* are sun lovers which enjoy light, well-drained soil. *Asperula gussonei* and *A. nitida* are small, neat, tufted plants, with a mass of narrow leaves and pretty little tubular pink flowers. Both are excellent for the scree or for the miniature stone trough or sink garden, and both are quite easy to grow. *Asperula lilaciflora caespitosa* is a first-rate plant, and apparently a fairly recent introduction from Greece. I first met it, a few years ago, on the great rock-garden at the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens—surely the finest rock-garden in the whole of Britain—and was delighted to come home with a gift specimen. It forms dense, mossy mats which cover themselves with masses of pink tubular flowers over a very long summer season. The plant has one drawback—though it is not a really serious one. The flowers have an abominable smell. A stuffy, dirty smell. But fortunately this is only apparent at close-up range, so that unless you get right down to it and inhale—which you need not do, and certainly would not do a second time—it is no worse than if the flowers had no smell at all.

The gem of the whole family, however, is *Asperula arcadiensis*, which for long was wrongly known and grown as *Asperula suberosa*. The true *A. suberosa* is quite another plant. *Asperula arcadiensis* is not such an easy-going plant as the three which I have mentioned. But, on the other hand, it is not the fragile invalid that so many writers, from Farrer downward, would have us believe. According to tradition, *Asperula arcadiensis* hovers and havers for ever on the very brink of the tomb, ready to be wafted into eternity by the first smallest, humid zephyr that comes along. My experience of the plant is very different. Although I would not "treat it rough," as one might, perhaps, treat a rock-rose, shall we say, or "Snow in Summer," I have never made any extravagant fuss of it. Full sun, good drainage, light soil and a sloping position down which to trail are all I give it, and away it trails without further ado. Never have I fussed it with the silly little glass winter wigwams which many anxious Alpinists delight in putting over their choicer plants. I believe those bits of glass—"a little protection against winter rain"—kill more Alpines than all the snows and hails and blizzards of the foulest English winter. With soil, drainage and aspect right, most Alpine plants are the tough guys that their native Alpine habitat should lead one to expect them to be. The peasants of the High Alps do not stud their cliffs and rocks and precipices with bits of glass to protect the Edelweiss and the Eritrichiums. Believe me, they really don't. Yet those treasures survive. But I must admit that

Asperula arcadiensis looks as fluffily frail as any hardy plant could well be. Covered with the finest, softest, silky grey fur, it looks like a dab of etherealised chinchilla, jewelled all over with little-heads of slender, glossy, waxy, shell-pink trumpet flowers. I grow this lovely *Asperula* in a stone-trough rock-garden, and have had no difficulty with it. In one of my Alpine houses at Stevenage I had a specimen planted out at the very front of a small, permanent rock-garden built on the staging. It greatly appreciated this opportunity of trailing, and hung down the perpendicular brickwork supporting the staging as a silky grey apron for a distance of a couple of feet or more.

Planted in a well-constructed wall-garden in the open, *arcadiensis* should be thoroughly happy. South aspect, of course.

There are two wild British species of *Asperula*: Squinancywort, *Asperula cynanchica*; and Woodruff, *Asperula odorata*. Squinancywort—enchanting name!—is at home in dry pastures, on warm banks and sandy, heathy places, and only just misses garden-worthiness. With its slender, wiry stems, fine, heath-like leaves and heads of tiny white, sometimes lilac-tinged, flowers, it is not quite good enough. Just too skinny and straggling. But I would never be surprised to learn that a superior form, compact and bushy, had been discovered, either here or in the Alps, which was worth a place in the garden.

The other Britisher, Woodruff, *Asperula odorata*, is well worth garden room, especially for shady places, where the choice of attractive plants is limited. Unlike most of its family, it is a shade-loving woodlander. It spreads about, forming wide forests of erect, 6- to 9-in. stems, with tier upon tier of whorls of fresh green leaves, usually eight to a whorl, and then, loose heads, or, as the botanists say, trichotomous cymes, of small, dead-white flowers in spring and early summer. A first-rate little plant for naturalising under and among shrubs and in the shady border under the north wall of the house, along with the Welsh poppies and forget-me-nots, Foam Flower, polyanthus, hardy cyclamen and the rest.

Dried, the plant has a powerful scent of new-mown hay, which it seems to retain almost indefinitely. But common plant though it is, and easy to grow, if you asked me to name a nursery that stocks and

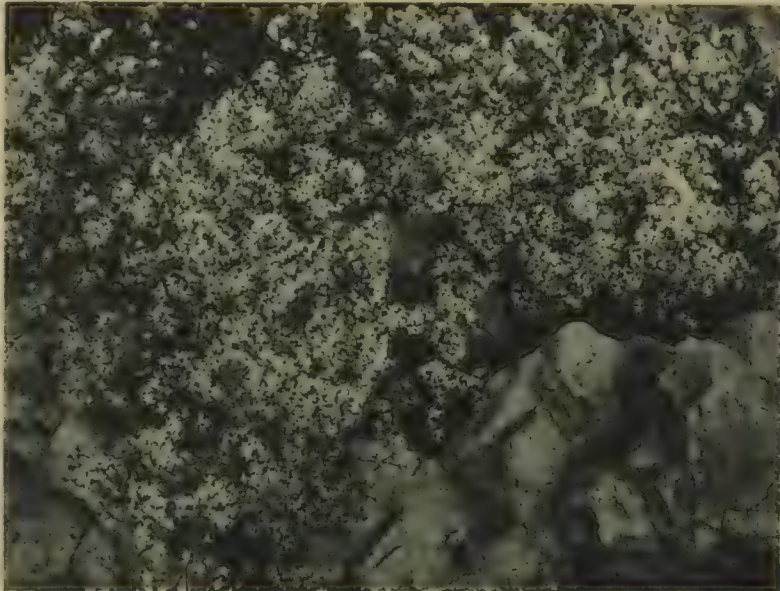
catalogues Woodruff, for the life of me I could not tell you. There may be such nurseries. I hope there are. Otherwise if you want to establish the plant in your garden there is nothing for it but to collect it from the wild, or from the garden of some friend who appreciates such common, homely and pleasant plants.

I wrote recently about a post-mortem garden prowl to note the casualties after the recent Arctic spell. One plant for which I feared greatly was that rare and superb terrestrial orchid, *Orchis elata*, which, coming from Algeria, has been reported in some quarters as being not too hardy, or even definitely tender. Last year a friend gave me a couple of tubers of this treasure, one of which I planted in an open, sunny border, and the other, for greater safety, I put in a border in my unheated greenhouse. Both flowered last summer, reaching a height of about 18 ins., and with 6-in. spikes of rich, crimson-purple flowers. Both specimens are now pushing up three fresh green shoots. To have survived the horrors of this winter, especially in the open, is most satisfactory, and to have increased threefold in this way is truly praiseworthy. This noble Orchis is said to reach, when well grown and well established, a height of over 2 ft.,

with a flower-spike 8 ins. or more long. *Orchis elata* is like a glorified edition of the Madeira Orchis, *Orchis maderensis*, to which it is allied. But what has happened to *O. maderensis*, better known as *Orchis foliosa*, in recent years? I can not remember meeting it in any garden since 1945, and now, wanting to secure tubers of it, I have failed to find it in any of the nursery catalogues which usually offer such things through which I have searched. Before the war I knew one garden in Scotland where there were splendid clumps of this handsome Orchis. But the owner, alas, has died and the place has changed hands, and into whose hands it has passed I do not know.



"THE GEM OF THE WHOLE FAMILY, HOWEVER, IS *ASPERULA ARCADIENSIS*. . . COVERED WITH THE FINEST, SOFTEST, SILKY GREY FUR, IT LOOKS LIKE A DAB OF ETHEREALISED CHINCHILLA, JEWELLED ALL OVER WITH LITTLE HEADS OF SLENDER, GLOSSY, WAXY, SHELL-PINK TRUMPET FLOWERS."



SQUINANCYWORT—SO CALLED FROM ITS USE AS A CURE FOR THE SQUINANCY, OR QUINSY—IS AN ENGLISH NATIVE WHICH "ONLY JUST MISSES GARDEN-WORTHINESS." IT HAS "SLENDER, WIRY STEMS, FINE HEATH-LIKE LEAVES AND HEADS OF TINY WHITE, SOMETIMES LILAC-TINGED, FLOWERS . . ."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

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FRAMED BY AN OLD-WORLD MOON-GATE: A FINE BED OF TULIPS IN ONE OF THE GARDENS OF MUSIC.



SURROUNDING A PAVED TERRACE: A COLONNADE GARDEN AND PERGOLA OF STONE DORIC COLUMNS ON WHICH ARE CLIMBING WISTARIAS AND ROSES.



FEATURING A SUMMER-HOUSE AND AN ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED FOUNTAIN SET ON A CIRCULAR PAVEMENT OF COBBLES: AN EASILY MAINTAINED GARDEN DESIGNED BY A KENT FIRM.

The *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 2 and will remain open daily from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m., Sundays excepted, until March 27. This year the Grand Hall has been transformed by Sir Hugh Casson and his associates, Christopher and Robin Ironside, into an imaginative Arcadia, with Apollo driving his team of winged horses high above the long main aisle. Despite a trade dispute between the National Federated Electrical Association and the Electrical Trade Union, all the usual sections are represented, although the housing section has had to be severely curtailed. Altogether the exhibition

covers some eleven acres. As in former years, the Gardens of Music are one of the outstanding attractions. Here there are fifteen different gardens, some of which are shown on this page, exhibited by celebrated firms of horticulturalists and including water gardens, formal gardens and a garden devoted to topiary, an art which can be traced back to the days of the Romans. On March 1, the eve of the public opening, Princess Margaret spent about an hour at Olympia inspecting many of the exhibits. Other Royal visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who toured the Exhibition later in the afternoon.

A SHORT time ago it seemed that the European Defence Community was dead. The determination of France either to reject it outright or, in parliamentary language, to "talk it out," seemed inflexible. French opinion, indeed, seemed to have swung so far away from it that it would actually have preferred the admission of the Federal Republic of Germany to N.A.T.O. to the setting-up of a European Defence Community including Germany. It would be going too far to say that E.D.C. had survived its long battle for existence. French resistance may be mustering its forces to renew the struggle, so that the relative lull in Paris may prove deceptive. Yet it is clear that for the time being E.D.C. has taken a new lease of life. The reasons for this are the results of the Berlin Conference and the dexterity displayed by M. Bidault, and, where this country is concerned, the debate in the House of Commons at the end of last month.

Berlin was a disappointment to those whose hopes had been raised by the rather more accommodating attitude adopted by the Soviet Government since the death of Stalin. Mr. Molotov was back in his old form. He showed no sign of compromise on any subject, even when it was of a secondary character. No progress on any matter was made by the Conference. And yet those who have said that the time was not wholly wasted seem to be justified in their view. If Mr. Molotov was as unyielding as ever, he was rather less unfriendly than in former times. However, what brought E.D.C. into the foreground once again was not the general attitude of the Soviet Foreign Minister, but the crucial fact which the Conference made apparent: the union of divided Germany has been postponed indefinitely. Few observers, it may be said, expected that the Conference would have brought it appreciably nearer. Yet while any chance remained that it would do so, the project of E.D.C. was naturally held in suspense. As soon as the Conference broke up E.D.C. reassumed its old importance.

The British House of Commons, in a general review of the Conference and of international relations, was the first to debate the future of Germany, and the topic most to the fore was that of Western German rearmament. It was a dramatic and, indeed, brilliant debate, which showed the House at its best. It revealed that, on this issue, the Labour Party was more completely split than on any other—and there had been a good many cleavages. Not only Left-wingers like Mr. Bevan and his friends, but some such as Mr. Dalton (absent through illness), who are far from the Left, were opposed to the line adopted by their leaders. It also became clear that the split was not confined to Members of Parliament but was duplicated in the Unions. It may, indeed, prove that their opposition to Mr. Attlee is strongest. However, this is a domestic matter, and I am now looking at the affair from the point of view of foreign policy, and looking especially at the question of German rearmament. The speeches of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison were, for the most part, confined to that issue, whereas the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden ranged more widely.

Mr. Eden was lucid, restrained even for him, logical, and to my mind convincing. Mr. Morrison was the most adroit of tightrope walkers. He realised that any pretence of belittling the division in his party—as was made, so much less cleverly, by the Party newspaper—would be bad tactics. So far from doing this, he, as it were, took the affair out of his pocket, held it up to the House, turned it round to show that nothing was hidden. He made the case of the objectors to German rearmament more skillful than they could have themselves; then he gave his own case in favour of it. Mr. Attlee also declared himself unashamed of the difference of opinion and in favour of Western Germany participating in a defence scheme, but he was inclined to weaken his case by so often protesting his reluctance that listeners might have thought he was acting against his own better judgment. The Prime Minister's contribution was as remarkable as it was unexpected. He devoted himself mainly to the prospects of increased trade with Russia and its humanising influence, and his

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

speech breathed a noble optimism which was a tonic to the House.

We often assume that our politics have deteriorated, and may be right in so doing; but it must be said that on this occasion credit was done to their traditions and to the country. It is mainly for that reason that I have alluded to the debate, which bore witness to the world, including Soviet Russia, Western Germany and France, of the honesty and sincerity of the British outlook. It does not, of course, indicate the relative weight of public opinion for and against E.D.C. At a guess, I should say that in a referendum, supposing that the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition urged electors to vote for E.D.C., it would win three votes out of five. In Western Germany, too, there now hardly seems to be a doubt about the issue. Chancellor Adenauer's position, which at one moment seemed to be weakening, now appears to have been consolidated. The differences between the Government and the Opposition in the Bundestag are clearly still very deep, but the debate, which coincided with that in the House of Commons, was likewise serious and untouched by heat. In fact, the Bundestag was far nearer to unity than our Commons, and adopted

ICE FLOES LINKING EUROPE AND ASIA.



ICE IN THE BOSPHORUS—AN UNUSUAL SPECTACLE NEAR ISTANBUL, WITH SMALL BOATS FEELING THEIR WAY BETWEEN THE DRIFTING FLOES MOVING DOWN BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA TOWARDS THE SEA OF MARMORA.

An unusual sight for visitors to Istanbul during the last week of February has been the ice-floes and pack-ice which have drifted into the Bosphorus and made it possible for occasional adventurous spirits to make the journey over to Turkey in Asia on foot, choosing their line and being prepared to jump from time to time. Reports that the Bosphorus had frozen over were, of course, incorrect. The ice visible in the photograph came from ice-fields off the Crimean coast which had broken away and drifted gradually alongside the European coast of the Black Sea until it reached the mouth of the Bosphorus, where its drift was continued towards the Sea of Marmora and the Aegean. The ice was first sighted in the Bosphorus on February 25. The last time that this happened was in 1929, when, however, the quantity of ice was not so great.

by acclamation a resolution which expressed unity of principle, though not of method.

The French reaction is another matter. Here a factor virtually non-existent in the British Labour Party and the German Social Democratic Party comes into play. Apart from nervousness about the rearmament of Germany, there is a widespread yearning for a position of neutrality. This takes various forms and varies in intensity, but in sum it is strong. M. Bidault increased his prestige at the Conference, but it was not through his support of E.D.C. What brought him fresh popularity was his proposal to form a system of European security within the frame of the United Nations. It was the more welcomed because it was necessarily vague and might be expected to consume further time, though no one can doubt the speaker's sincerity. The North Atlantic Treaty itself was born of a resolution, known as the "Vandenberg Resolution," which affirmed the determination of the United States to exercise "the right of individual or collective self-defence," under Article 51 of the United Nations Charter and recommended the association of the United States with other States for the purpose. It cannot be supposed that any new conception of that right would be more effective.

It is now just on three-and-a-half years since the then French Prime Minister proposed the creation of an integrated European Army in which Western Germany should participate, as a basis on which France was prepared to accept a measure of German

rearmament, and nearly two since the Foreign Ministers of France, Belgium, the German Federal Republic, Italy, Luxembourg and the Netherlands signed a treaty to establish the European Defence Community. On the same day (May 27, 1952) the United Kingdom signed a treaty of mutual security with the member States of E.D.C. All that remained to bring the E.D.C. Treaty into force was ratification, and this remains still. The Dutch have ratified. On February 26 last the West German Bundestag agreed, by the necessary two-thirds majority, to make the changes in the constitution which would permit the Federal Republic to fulfil obligations under the E.D.C. Treaty. In Germany only the last stage of ratification, the President's signature, is required, but his power to sign hangs upon a ruling from the Constitutional Court.

It is now being suggested that the French debate on ratification will not take place for another two months, and may be further postponed. Even then the result is by no means certain. On the other hand, the fact that I mentioned at the beginning of this article, that E.D.C. has come to life again, cannot be without influence on French politics. Were the French Government to disregard this fact, it would be taking a step towards isolation which it would not willingly take, especially at a time when its Saar policy is such that it could not be maintained in isolation. For this reason the prospect of French ratification is a little better than it would otherwise be. Yet I should be sorry to pin myself to prophecy on the subject. The hard core of opposition to any action is large, and the accretions which may at any time be added to it are considerable.

Supreme caution allied with procrastination is not always the safest policy. During these last few years France has been accorded the sympathy and forbearance of the United States and the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the German Federal Republic. As regards the last-named, it is possible that the appearance of an attempt to wreck the plan for Western Germany to contribute to its own defence might have a result directly opposite to that which inspired it. Instead of avoiding the resurgence of the Nazi philosophy it might encourage it. Certainly if German aims were reached in the teeth of French resistance, the extremely good relations now existing between France and Western Germany would be damaged. France has been fortunate in being confronted by a Chancellor as patient and understanding as Dr. Adenauer, and it is most important for her—indeed, for Germany also—that his tradition should be continued. In fact,

the good feelings now existing ought to be consolidated while he remains in office, which, unfortunately, his years may not permit him to do very much longer.

No one who has known and appreciated France and French civilisation as long as I have can fail to acknowledge the dilemma in which the nation now stands. It is not all a question of memory of the Nazis or of militarism. It is in part the spectacle of an abounding energy which has nothing sinister about it. Nothing sinister—but does it not point to the likelihood of this vital and bustling people shortly taking the lead in Europe? If that is the outlook, as it may be, the remedy cannot be to block the safety-valve. If Western Germany is what she appears to be, she will fulfil her destiny, whether or not the separation continues—and, be it noted, the other half of Germany is indignant, sullen and discontented, ripe for violence in some form. I agree that there is a great deal in the record of modern Germany to cause anxiety and, under Hitler, disgust, but, as I have often argued, victors cannot keep vanquished in leading-reins eternally. To argue that this should be attempted if the vanquished nation is particularly vigorous and enterprising seems to me a complete absurdity. Perhaps that argument is not put into words by the intelligent, but it is implicit in much of the opposition to the re-assumption by Western Germany of full national rights. E.D.C. is in itself a formula or a precaution. Behind it stands an inevitable development which cannot be gainsaid.



THE GREAT PAINTER TO WHOM THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS DEVOTING A SPECIAL EXHIBITION OPENING TO-DAY, MARCH 13 :
MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A.

Mr. Augustus John, O.M., R.A., is the second living artist to be honoured by a retrospective exhibition of his work at the Royal Academy—Mr. Frank Brangwyn, in 1952, being the first. The exhibition opens at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, to-day, March 13; and reproductions of a selection of drawings and paintings on view are published on other pages of this issue. Mr. John, a man of commanding personality and impressive appearance, was born in Pembrokeshire in 1878, and studied at the Slade School from 1894 to 1898, where his genius as a draughtsman was immediately recognised. He soon became a dominant figure in the world of art, though far from being a

typical Royal Academician. He was elected A.R.A. in 1921 and R.A. in 1928; but resigned from the Royal Academy, the Royal Cambrian Academy and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in 1938. He was re-elected to the R.A. in 1940, and to the R.P. in 1939, becoming President in 1948. Mr. John has always been interested in the Romany race, and is President of the Gypsy Lore Society. His autobiography, "Chiaroscuro," written in a vivid personal style without conventional chronological sequence, was published in 1952. Our portrait-study shows him in one of his studios at Fryern Court, his home at Fordingbridge, Hampshire, posed with one of his great decorative compositions. [*Camera Study by Allan Chappelow, M.A.*]

AUGUSTUS JOHN'S SUPERB DRAWINGS: A SELECTION FROM THE R.A. DISPLAY.

TO-DAY, Saturday, March 13, a Retrospective Exhibition of the work of Augustus John, O.M., R.A., is due to open at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House. He is the second artist to be thus honoured in his lifetime—the first was Mr. Frank Brangwyn in 1952. Mr. John, who was born in 1878, has, during his long career,

[Continued opposite.

(LEFT.)
"DORELIA IN EASTERN DRESS," DRAWN IN PARIS, c. 1906. SIGNED JOHN.
(Pencil and water-colour; 17½ by 10 ins.) (Mrs. Dudley Tooth.)



"DORELIA IN A LONG DRESS," ONE OF THE SUPERB SERIES OF JOHN DRAWINGS AT THE R.A. SIGNED JOHN.
(Pencil; 19½ by 12 ins.) (Miss Judith Wilson.)

Continued.] painted in a variety of styles, and this display of 450 of his works is of exceptional interest. "Before he was twenty he [John] had become the first draughtsman in England," wrote Sir John Rothenstein in his "Modern English Painters," and he also refers to the fact that the "phenomenal mastery of his drawing" at the Slade, where he

(RIGHT.)
"DORELIA IN A STRAW HAT AND HOOD," ON VIEW, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER DRAWINGS REPRODUCED, AT THE R.A. SIGNED JOHN.
(Pencil; 16 by 10 ins.) (Mr. Arthur Duckworth.)



"IDA AND DORELIA WITH THREE CHILDREN," A DELIGHTFUL FAMILY GROUP. SIGNED JOHN.
(Black chalk and wash; 18 by 13½ ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harris.)



"LE PARADOU" OR "A GALWAY GROUP," SIGNED AND DATED JOHN 1915. (Pen and wash; 18 by 15½ ins.) (Aberdeen Art Gallery.)



"STUDY OF IDA," A MASTERLY DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN. SIGNED JOHN.
(Black chalk; 23½ by 18 ins.) (Rear-Admiral Caspar John.)



"STUDY OF A WHIPPET"; A REMARKABLE ANIMAL DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN. SIGNED JOHN. (Pencil; 11½ by 14 ins.) (Cooper Art Gallery, Barnsley.)

Continued.] studied from 1894-98, was generally acclaimed. At this period John used to take as models gipsies, costers, peasants and odd characters, and in 1901, when he was a year in Liverpool as a teacher of art, he found subjects among the poor



"CITY POVERTY," SIGNED JOHN. DURING HIS TIME IN LIVERPOOL JOHN FOUND SUBJECTS AMONG THE POOR IN THE DOCKS. (Pen and wash; 9½ by 12 ins.) (Miss Judith Wilson.)

in the dock area. He has also done numerous beautiful drawings of Mrs. John and his children at different ages; and many portrait heads, all of which exhibit his masterly draughtsmanship.

THE JOHN RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION: FINE PORTRAITS AT THE R.A.



"THE MAUVE JERSEY" OR "DORELIA AT PALMOUTH"; BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A. (Oil on panel; 17½ by 12½ ins.) (Lady Kroyer-Kielberg.)



"PROFESSOR MACKAY," SIGNED AND DATED JOHN '02. (Oil on canvas; 39 by 28 ins.) (Liverpool University Club.)



"THE PINK DRESS," A LOVELY EARLY PAINTING; c. 1911. SIGNED JOHN. (15½ by 12½ ins.) (Sir Philip and Lady Nichols.)



"MARCHESA CASATI," INSCRIBED "To the Marchesa Casati from Augustus John," PAINTED 1916. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.) (The Hon. Mrs. George Marten.)



"POPPET AS A CHILD"; A PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTERS AS A LITTLE GIRL; c. 1921. SIGNED John. (Oil on panel; 14½ by 10 ins.) (Mrs. P. Pol.)



"LADY WITH A WINE GLASS," SIGNED John, ONE OF THE NOTABLE SERIES OF PORTRAITS IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 21½ ins.) (Mr. P. V. F. Cazalet.)



"LADY PALAIRET," A PORTRAIT OF IMMENSE GRACE AND DISTINCTION. SIGNED JOHN. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 23½ ins.) (Mr. P. V. F. Cazalet.)



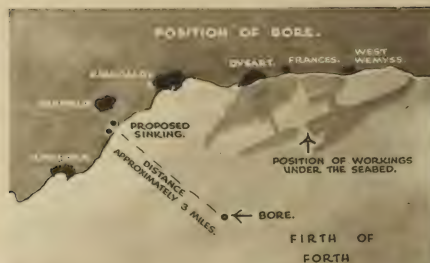
"DORELIA IN A RED CAP," A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL PAINTING. SIGNED JOHN 1911. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 20 ins.) (Municipal Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.)



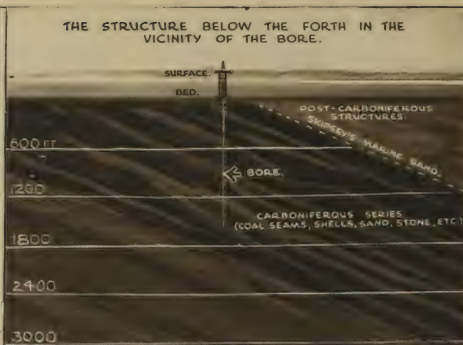
"IRIS TREE," ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR BEERBOHM AND LADY TREE. (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 23½ ins.) (Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin.)

The Retrospective Exhibition of the work of Augustus John, O.M., R.A., which is due to open to-day, Saturday, March 13, at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, contains 450 examples of his work; and provides a splendid opportunity to appraise the genius of this great artist. The exhibits include a number of portraits, for, indeed, portraiture has, on the whole, been Mr. John's chief concern. His finest portraits are

of a quality which will stand comparison with the greatest produced in any age, and to quote Sir John Rothenstein's words in "Modern English Painters," "in his inspired moments no living British painter so nearly approaches the grandeur and radiance of vision, the understanding of the human drama or the power of hand and eye of the great masters." Mr. John's sitters have included many eminent people; and his child portraits are outstanding.



THE TOWER BEARING THE DRILLING RIG AND ACCOMMODATION WILL BE FLOATED OUT TO THE SITE ON TWO SPECIALLY-BUILT PONTONS AND TOWED TO A PRE-DETERMINED POSITION SOME THREE MILES OUT FROM THE POINT ON SHORE AT WHICH EXPLORATORY SINKINGS HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE.



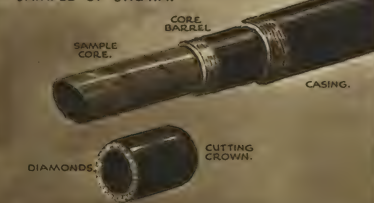
UNDER THE SEA OFF THE COAST OF FIFE, THE VARIOUS STRATA DOWN TO 3000 FT. ARE BELIEVED TO LIE AS SHOWN HERE. "SKIPPER'S MARINE BAND" CONTAINS FOSSILISED SHELL AND SERVES AS A "FIXED HORIZON" FOR THE GEOLOGIST. BENEATH IT LIE THE COAL-BEARING STRATA.

HOW THE TOWER WILL BE LOWERED INTO POSITION.



WHEN THE TOWER IS OVER THE SELECTED SITE THE PONTONS OR "MULES" WILL BE SECURELY ANCHORED, AND THE TOWER WILL BE LOWERED INTO POSITION ON THE SEABED BY MEANS OF LOWERING CABLES OPERATED BY TWO ELECTRIC WINCHES IN EACH PONTON. THE STEEL CABLES RUN THROUGH THE BOTTOMS OF THE PONTONS.

THE CORE OR SAMPLE OF STRATA.



THE BORING GEAR



A CROSS-SECTION OF THE BORING GEAR WHICH WILL BE USED IN THE UNDERSEA DRILLING. AT ITS BASE IS A CUTTING CROWN SUITABLE FOR PENETRATING ALL TYPES OF STRATA AND ABOVE THAT IS THE CORE BARREL, WHICH ENABLES SAMPLES OF ALL STRATA TO BE BROUGHT UP TO THE SURFACE FOR EXAMINATION. THE FIRST DRILLING WILL BE MADE IN THE FORTH, OFF THE COAST OF FIFE.



THE PLATFORM ON TOP OF THE SEA-TOWER—MODELLED ON THE WARTIME SEA-FORTS—WILL CONTAIN ACCOMMODATION FOR THE BORING CREWS, EXPERTS, CLERKS AND CATERING STAFF. THE PYRAMID-LIKE STRUCTURE WHICH TOWERS ABOVE THE DECK CONTAINS THE TOP OF THE BORING DERRICK AND ADJACENT TO IT LIE THE ENGINE-ROOM, AND THE DIESEL GENERATOR ROOM. THE TOWER WILL BE EQUIPPED WITH NAVIGATION AIDS, INCLUDING SIRENS, LIGHTS AND RADIO-COMMUNICATION. THERE WILL ALSO BE MEANS OF COMMUNICATING WITH THE SHORE.

BORING FOR BRITAIN'S OFF-SHORE COAL: UNDER-WATER DRILLING FOR THE FIRST TIME

In outlining on February 23 some new developments of the National Coal Board, the Board's Director-General of Production, Mr. E. H. Browne, announced that it had been decided to carry out a trial with out-to-sea boring to prove undersea reserves. "The first experimental hole," he said, "will go down off the coast of Fife, but the need for information off the north-east coast of England may well justify the transfer of the tower there after a relatively short time. Oil bores have been carried out in the sea in other parts of the world but never

under the conditions experienced off the coasts of the British Isles." No date has yet been fixed for the start of these experiments but the first may take place before the end of this year. The cost of a bore 2500 ft. deep on land would be about £18,000, but the first bore at sea would cost very much more—perhaps as much as £250,000—because so much new equipment will be needed. But there is a very important reserve of coal in Scotland off the east coast and under the Firth of Forth, and future production in Northumberland and Durham must

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

IN THIS COUNTRY'S HISTORY, FROM PLATFORMS MODELLED ON WARTIME SEA-FORTS.

come to a large extent from under the sea. Future working of the Cumberland coalfield may likewise be under the sea. And in all these cases undersea boring would prove of great value and the cost would be offset by the insurance given against wasteful undersea development. The boring sea-towers have been developed in conjunction with a firm of drillers and a firm of consulting engineers who were responsible for erecting sea-forts during the war. The boring will be done from a platform like that of the sea-forts, which would be floated out,

for each bore-hole. When the boring had been completed, the platform would be refloated and towed to other positions. It is being designed for any depth of water up to 20 fathoms—which will permit drilling up to 3½ miles offshore on the north-east coast—and it will stand about 170 ft. high from the base girders to deck-level. Its total weight will be about 225 tons. The drilling operation will not differ much from land boring except that the distance from the platform to the sea-bed will require a tube through which the drill-rods will pass.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD.

THE SYRIAN COUP D'ETAT.



DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN DAMASCUS, ATTEMPTING TO ENTER THE BUILDING BUT BEING RESISTED BY TROOPS, FOLLOWING THE COUP D'ÉTAT.



AFTER ATTACKING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARAB LIBERATION MOVEMENT (FOUNDED BY EX-PRESIDENT SHISHAKLY), DEMONSTRATORS CARRY AWAY A SIGN FROM THE BUILDING.

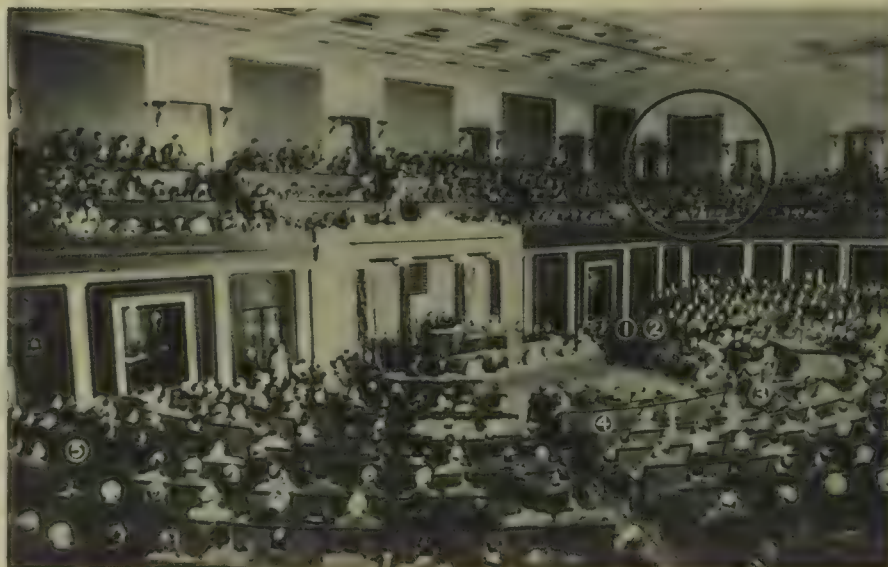


A SCENE DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH FOLLOWED THE SYRIAN COUP D'ÉTAT: CROWDS WHICH ENCIRCLED THE DAMASCUS RADIO STATION TRYING TO FORCE AN ENTRANCE.

The first news of a Syrian revolt against President Shishakly came on February 25 in a broadcast from Aleppo Radio, which stated that Army officers had taken over Aleppo and were calling on the President to resign to save bloodshed. On the evening of the same day President Shishakly handed in his resignation to the President of the Chamber of Deputies and left for Beirut, in Lebanon, with a view of seeking refuge in Saudi Arabia. At first all was quiet in Damascus, but demonstrations on the evenings of February 27 and 28 required suppression by the police and troops, and a curfew was maintained. On February 28 the eighty-year-old former President, Hashem Atassi, was made President, but there appeared to be differences of opinion between the Army in the north and in the south. However, on March 1 President Atassi was proclaimed in Damascus and a Government formed with Sabri el-Assali as Prime Minister. The state of emergency was declared ended on March 3.

THE U.S. CONGRESS SHOOTING OUTRAGE.

On the afternoon of March 1, in the House of Representatives at Washington, during the counting of a division vote, a woman and two men, later stated to be Puerto Rican Nationalists, began firing from a visitors' gallery (near the Press gallery) into the body of the House. They were shouting demands for freedom for Puerto Rico, and in all fired about thirty shots from automatic pistols. At first it was thought that they were firing blank, but when five Representatives fell wounded, Congressmen began to take cover. In about a minute the three Puerto Ricans were overpowered and taken into custody. The five Representatives wounded were: Mr. A. M. Bentley (Republican, Michigan), whose condition was still grave at the time of writing; Mr. B. Jensen (Republican, Iowa); Mr. C. Davis (Democrat, Tennessee); Mr. G. Fallon (Democrat, Maryland) and Mr. K. Roberts (Democrat, Alabama). Miranda, Lebron and Cordero were arrested in the House, Flores being arrested at the station as being "implicated." On March 5 all four were charged on ten counts of assault.



THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES MARKED TO ILLUSTRATE THE SHOOTING INCIDENT OF MARCH 1. THE CIRCLE MARKS THE AREA FROM WHICH THE SHOTS WERE FIRED; THE NUMBERS THE POSITIONS OF THE WOUNDED—(1) REP. JENSEN, (2) REP. BENTLEY, (3) REP. DAVIS, (4) REP. FALLON, (5) REP. ROBERTS.



TWO OF THE AUTOMATIC PISTOLS USED BY THE PUERTO RICAN NATIONALISTS IN THE CONGRESS SHOOTING, HELD BY A HOUSE DOORMAN.



REPRESENTATIVE ALVIN BENTLEY (OF MICHIGAN), THE MOST SERIOUSLY WOUNDED OF THE FIVE CONGRESSMEN SHOT BY THE THREE PUERTO RICAN NATIONALISTS.



THE FOUR PUERTO RICAN NATIONALISTS, LATER CHARGED WITH ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL: (L. TO R.) IRVING FLORES, RAFAEL MIRANDA, LOLITA LEBRON AND ANDRES CORDERO. PHOTOGRAPHED AT POLICE H.Q. AFTER ARREST.



(ABOVE.) A FAMILY PET WHOSE SINGLE INTEREST IN LIFE WAS ANTS: THE ANTEATER, NAMED *TEDDY*, SHOWING HIS HEAD AND ELONGATED MUZZLE USED FOR BURROWING AFTER TERMITES AND ANTS.



TEDDY'S CLAWS, WHICH "COULD BE CONTROLLED LIKE FINGERS, AND . . . COULD GRASP THINGS TIGHTLY."

A MORE unusual pet than an anteater can scarcely be imagined, and when this animal is taken to a home in Pennsylvania to be a companion to a baby chimpanzee, it seems that Ossa is piled on Pelion indeed! But these are facts, and an illustrated account of *Teddy* the anteater's life in an American household recently appeared in the U.S. magazine *Natural History*, in which Miss Lilo Hess described how she first saw the anteater in a cage at a show in New York and bought him and took him home. The photographs on this and the following pages were all taken by Miss Lilo Hess who, our readers may remember, adopted a baby chimpanzee in April 1952 and is bringing it up in her home. In our issue of November 7, 1953, we reproduced a number of photographs of *Christine*, the chimpanzee, together with an account of its development under Miss Hess's care. In March 1953, Miss Hess first met *Teddy*; he was in a cage labelled "Ant-eater, Brazil," at the Sportsman's Show in New York. He was a baby, four months old, and about 3 ft. long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and weighed about 11 or 12 lb. Visions of an anteater playing with the baby chimpanzee rose before her, and she bought him from the owner, Mr. C. Chase, of the Chase Wild Animal Farm.

Photographs by Lilo Hess from *Three Lions*.



QUITE DIFFERENT FROM HIS FRONT FEET: ONE OF *TEDDY'S* HIND FEET, SHOWING THE TOES AND CLAWS.

AN UNUSUAL FAMILY PET IN A PENNSYLVANIAN HOME: *TEDDY*, THE GIANT ANTEATER.



"THEY WERE WILLING ON OCCASION TO EAT AT THE SAME TABLE": TEDDY AND CHRISTINE, THE YOUNG CHIMPANZEE, HAVING A DRINK TOGETHER.



"WHENEVER THEIR PATHS CROSSED, HE WOULD STOP AND LICK IT": TEDDY WITH THE LAMB IN WHICH HE DISPLAYED A MILD INTEREST.



"HE LEARNED TO RECOGNISE AN ORANGE AND GOT VERY EXCITED WHEN HE SAW ONE": TEDDY FEEDING (NOTE THE LONG TONGUE), WATCHED BY A KITTEN.

(Continued.) be petted and have his head scratched by Miss Hess and would stand very still and close his eyes. The only thing Christine consented to was letting Teddy pull her along in a little waggon. But she soon got impatient, since he stopped all the time to look for ants. When he sometimes turned to sniff her, she would jump away as fast as she could. Teddy delighted in licking things, and Miss Hess comments that "after touching the anteater's tongue many times, it seems to me that the tongue itself is not sticky but the saliva is. He would run his tongue with great speed back and forth over my hand, and there was an adhesive coating on it afterwards." Teddy licked the broom and the chairs and even the cat, and was very much interested in the kitchen. Miss Hess thinks that he might have smelt ants in it, as she had had an invasion of them in the spring. However, they had since departed and Teddy hardly ever found any, but he just kept on looking. Miss Hess says: "There were no signs of great intelligence, but he was not stupid. . . he learned to fit himself into our household in a very short time. He knew my voice and responded to his



HE TOOK TO THE WATER READILY, ALMOST AS "IF HE DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WATER AND LAND": TEDDY SWIMMING ACROSS THE POND.

ON the preceding page we describe how Miss Lilo Hess bought Teddy, the anteater, and took him to her home in Pennsylvania to be a playmate for her baby chimpanzees, Christine. Miss Hess recalls the first meeting between the two animals when the anteater walked slowly out of his crate and the chimp, fascinated, tried to pet the new toy, which hit back, and the chimp only just ducked in time. When Miss Hess tried to touch Teddy, he lifted his fore-leg to strike at her too, so, after giving him some food, she retreated, to let him settle down in his new surroundings. A cage was arranged for him in the porch, and a large pen out of doors. After sleeping for the rest of the day and all night, Teddy was more at ease and came out to eat his food and let Miss Hess pet him but, Miss Hess says: "His front leg would rise ready to strike, but it remained only a gesture. He never quite lost this habit, even though he never really struck. It was like a reflex action." A collar was put round Teddy's middle, which he always kept on and did not seem to mind at all. He liked best to be tied to a tree in the grass so that he could indulge in his overriding passion, which was, naturally, ant-eating. He preferred the tiny black ants to the red ones, and picked out the larvae and eggs first before concentrating on the ants. The chimpanzee and the anteater never became close friends, as Teddy never trusted the chimp, whose quick movements seemed to make him nervous and upset. Teddy loved to

(Continued below left.)



COMING DOWNSTAIRS: TEDDY, WHO LEARNED TO WALK UP AND DOWN STAIRS, WAS NOT, HOWEVER, THE MOST DESIRABLE PET FOR A HOME.

name. . . . When I came in the morning to put his leash on, he would be as docile as a lamb. He would come towards me and stand very still so I could fasten it. But in the evening it was a different story. He knew I had come to take him away from his ants, and he would rebel as best he could. . . . He never really struck out at me though, and I would tuck him under my arm and carry him in. Eventually

(Continued above, right.)



ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVITIES WITH THE ANTEATER WHICH THE CHIMPANZEE WOULD ALLOW: TEDDY PULLING CHRISTINE ALONG IN A LITTLE WAGGON.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON ARRIVAL: TEDDY LOOKING OUT OF HIS BOX AT MISS LILO HESS, WHO IS BEING HELD ON SHOULDERS BY CHRISTINE.

(Continued.) he learned that the fight accomplished nothing, and he gave up trying. . . . An anteater is not the most desirable pet for a home. Though Teddy appreciated a soft couch to some extent, and learned to walk up and down stairs and drink from a cup at table, he never stopped looking for ants, and would dig for them in the pillows or rugs. Teddy was not housebroken, either, though I think he could have been trained to go to a box. He kept himself fairly clean by combing his fur with his long claws. The claws could be controlled like fingers, and he could grasp things tightly with them. He washed himself with his tongue, and his coat never felt sticky afterward. His tail received the most attention, probably because he could reach it best. The tongue was black, but became pink at the base. Most anteaters are

(Continued from.)



HE COULD DETECT NESTS WITH AMAZING ACCURACY: TEDDY ENJOYING HIS FAVOURITE OCCUPATION OF SEARCHING FOR ANTS. HE LIKED BLACK ANTS BETTER THAN RED.

(Continued.) nocturnal, but Teddy became so adjusted to the life of my house that he was awake from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. At seven he would curl up in his box, fold his tail over his head, and remain 'dead to the world' until the next morning. I could almost set my clock by his habits. When I heard him snoring and pushing his empty bowl around in the morning, I would know it was eleven o'clock and that Teddy wanted



WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST BY CHRISTINE THE CHIMPANZEE: TEDDY, WHO WAS A SLOW FEEDER, ENJOYING THE JUICE OF AN ORANGE.



REMOVING THE ANTS WITH HIS LONG TONGUE AFTER RIPPING THE ANTHILL OPEN WITH HIS POWERFUL CLAWS: TEDDY ENJOYING HIMSELF, NEAR MISS HESS'S HOUSE.

to be fed. It took him almost a half to three-quarters of an hour to finish his food. He got eight ounces of milk, two eggs and some chopped beef and cereal twice daily. He usually lay down while eating and closed his eyes. Nothing would disturb him when he fed. The chimp would bang on the wire of his cage and poke her fingers in his food. When she could not reach it she would shake the cage in anger, but Teddy went on eating. When he had finished he would walk up and down impatiently, eager to go outside so he could eat some ants. Only once did I hear him make any other noise than the snoring and grunting sound, and that was when he got tired of being photographed. . . . He turned on me and gave a hissing snarl, almost like a tiger or lion. Otherwise he was very mute, and I don't know whether he had many other sounds. He was a very stubborn animal, always ready to protect himself with his only weapon, his claws. His movements were swift, almost graceful. He had but one thought in his head—ants. Though he made friends with man, he was not domesticated. (Photographs by Lilo Hess from Three Lions.)

A GIANT ANTEATER AS A HOUSEHOLD PET: TEDDY'S ACTIVITIES INDOORS AND OUT, AND HIS

BEHAVIOUR WITH OTHER ANIMALS RECORDED IN A SERIES OF REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

A STONEHENGE-MYCENÆ LINK OF 1500 B.C., NOW REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



FIG. 1. THE FIRST INTERNAL EVIDENCE TO BE DISCOVERED OF THE MAIN DATE OF STONEHENGE: THE DAGGER AND AXE CARVINGS REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE FOOT OF STONE 53 OF THE GREAT SARSEN HORSESHOE. SEE ALSO FIGS. 2 AND 3.



FIG. 2. A CLOSE-UP OF THE DAGGER AND TWO OF THE AXE-HEADS ON STONE 53. THEY ARE VERY SHALLOW AND VISIBLE ONLY IN CERTAIN CONDITIONS OF LIGHT. SEE FIG. 3.

SINCE the excavations carried out by the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1919-26, no systematic work has been carried out at Stonehenge. From 1951 onwards selective excavation to clear up some of the problems of the constructional sequence of the monument, and a full-scale field and photographic survey, have been undertaken under the auspices of the Department of Prehistoric Archaeology of the University of Edinburgh, directed by Professor Stuart Piggott, Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson and Dr. J. F. S. Stone, assisted by Mr. R. S. Newall and with the consent and co-operation of the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works. As a result of the excavations it has now been shown, among other things, that the Heel Stone belongs to the first

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 3. A DETAILED DRAWING OF THE CARVINGS SHOWN IN FIG. 2. THE DAGGER IS OF A TYPE UNKNOWN IN BRONZE AGE WESTERN EUROPE, BUT ASSOCIATED WITH MYCENÆ (SEE FIG. 4).

[Continued.] of the Blue Stones showing their re-use in their present positions have been recorded, such as nearly-obiterated tenons, mortices and tongues or grooves worked on the sides of the stones. The most spectacular result, however, is the recognition for the first time of ancient carvings of Bronze Age tools and weapons on the sarsen stones (Figs. 1-3). There is no doubt, from the way in which these carvings relate to the tooled surfaces of the stones, that they are contemporary with their erection. The most numerous carvings represent bronze axe-blades, faithfully reproducing in full size the outlines of types current at the end of the British Early Bronze Age, around 1500 B.C. All these are shown cutting-edge uppermost, and without their hafts. But the most arresting carving is that of a full-size hilted dagger, a foot long, having a long, tapering blade, accentuated shoulders and a large pommel (Figs. 1-3). If this is as accurate a profile as those of the axes, it

[Continued opposite.

[Continued.]

phase of Stonehenge, for which a radio-carbon date of 1848 B.C. \pm 275 has been obtained (Fig. 6). The so-called "Y" and "Z" Holes (Fig. 9) surrounding the outer sarsen circle appear to be earlier in date than previously thought, belonging to the Bronze Age of the Middle Second Millennium B.C. Any connection with the first centuries B.C.—A.D., and so possibly with the Druids, seems now removed. The photographic survey by Mr. Atkinson has produced much new information as a result of the close scrutiny of the stones involved. Photographs taken from a special 30-ft. self-supporting ladder show details of lintels (Fig. 8) and their mortice-and-tenon jointing (Fig. 7) from a new viewpoint, and the tooling of the sarsen stones has been studied afresh. Several features

[Continued below, centre.



FIG. 4. A DRAWING OF THE STELA OF SHAFT GRAVE V, AT MYCENÆ. THE CHARIOTEER HOLDS A DAGGER EXACTLY PARALLEL WITH THAT NOW DISCOVERED CARVED AT STONEHENGE.



FIG. 5. A STONE FROM THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE BARROW AT BADBURY, DORSET, SHOWING CARVINGS OF DAGGERS AND, LESS CLEAR, AXE-HEADS—COMPARABLE WITH THE NEW STONEHENGE FINDS.

FINDING THE FIRST INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR THE MAIN DATE OF STONEHENGE.



FIG. 6. RECENT EXCAVATION AT THE HEEL STONE. RADIO-CARBON TESTS NOW PLACE THIS STONE AT 1848 B.C. (PLUS OR MINUS 275 YEARS). FROM THE AVENUE DITCH.



FIG. 9. TWO OF THE SO-CALLED "Y" AND "Z" HOLES (Y 16 AND Z 16) WHICH HAVE BEEN RE-EXCAVATED AND DATED TO THE MIDDLE OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.



FIG. 7. THE FOOT-HIGH TENON ON THE TOP OF STONE 56, THE TALLEST SURVIVING STONE AT STONEHENGE AND ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL CENTRAL TRILITHON.

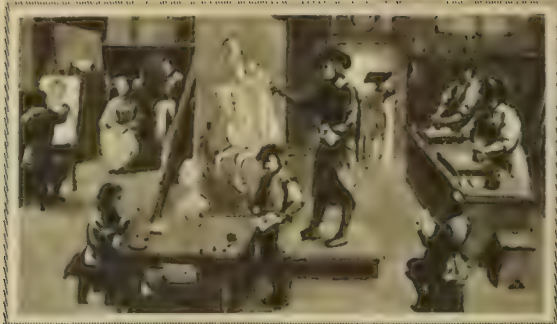


FIG. 8. THE SECOND TRILITHON OF THE SARSEN HORSESHOE: A BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING HOW THE LINTEL WAS CURVED AND SPLAYED UPWARDS TO COUNTERACT PERSPECTIVE.

Continued.
represents no known Western European type of Bronze Age weapon, though rather similar carvings can now be recognised as carved (along with axes) on a stone from a Bronze Age barrow in Dorset (Fig. 5). Parallels to the dagger type do, however, exist in the Aegean, where the Mycenaean men buried in the Shaft-Graves had such weapons, and one is shown held by a chariot-driving warrior (Fig. 4) carved on a stone *stela* from the Grave-Circle. These Shaft-Graves date from c. 1600-1500 B.C., and there is evidence from finds in Wessex Bronze Age graves that trade contacts between Britain and Mycenae must have existed around this time. If, therefore, the Stonehenge dagger-carving does represent a Mycenaean weapon, this would be another link, and go to confirm the date of c. 1500 B.C. for the existing stone structure as inferred from other archaeological evidence. This is the first internal evidence for the date of the building of the main monument of Stonehenge. (Fig. 5 reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



FIG. 10. STONEHENGE'S LARGEST SURVIVING STONE—STONE 56—SEE ALSO FIG. 7. IT IS OF SARSEN AND NEARLY 30 FT. LONG, 8 FT. OF THIS BEING UNDERGROUND.



BOOKS about various phases of Chinese Art by well-known specialists have been frequently welcomed on this page. Here is one, "Chinese Art," by two authors, Judith and Arthur Hart Burling, whose names will be unfamiliar in England and who have undertaken the ambitious task of compressing the whole story of painting, porcelain, sculpture, jade and everything else between the covers of a single volume. The advanced and erudite collector will have little difficulty in pointing out deficiencies of treatment, though he will have to look very hard indeed before he discovers errors of fact. But the book is a great deal more than a pleasant and genial guide to a nation's treasures; it is a tribute to the genius, to the kindness, to the accomplishments of the Chinese people; it is written with affection and understanding and, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be as welcome to the casual dilettante as to the many among us who already realise how magnificent is the legacy the world owes to this gifted and tenacious race. The authors spent twenty years in different parts of China, and found themselves trapped in Shanghai at the time of Pearl Harbour—and at this point I must quote from their preface:

"The Chinese, too, lived in a country occupied by an enemy, but that did not prevent us from meeting almost daily with such Chinese authorities on art as"—here follows a list of names. "For hours at a time theories of art were propounded, old paintings were scrutinised, tea was sipped, poems were quoted, and perhaps some special piece of porcelain or jade might be examined or discussed. We met in just the way that Chinese scholars have met, even in time of crisis, since the early periods of their history. . . . Many of our Chinese friends are now shut off from contact with us, others are homeless refugees or are seeking to rebuild life in a strange land. To all of

and dignity of Chinese art we shall feel we have repaid a small part of the debt we owe to those who taught us about their art, and who, at the same time, gave us a new conception of the meaning of friendship."

These are warm and generous words which it is good to read amid the dreadful hatreds which rend mankind, and they provide the key to the book, which does in fact preserve a nice balance between the necessary description and illustration of the various objects discussed and a shrewd and sympathetic explanation of the Chinese point of view. In my opinion, Mr. and Mrs. Burling render a very special service to all of us in their account of the Chinese approach to painting. For various reasons, one of which is that the finest Chinese paintings, with a few exceptions, are in China, Japan or the United States, and consequently Europeans cannot hope to be thoroughly familiar with them, most of us fail to appreciate their extraordinary accomplishment, and are so accustomed to our own tradition that we have to make a considerable effort to come to terms with them. Most of us, of course, have from

time to time read a good deal about them, and I have occasionally endeavoured to discuss them on this page. What I probably failed to do in many words our two authors have succeeded in doing in one unforgettable little story, thus: "At an exhibition of modern Chinese paintings in Shanghai we overheard a visitor tell the artist she would like to buy one of his pictures—a bird on a bare branch. She explained to him, however, that she considered the painting too empty, and suggested that he add a few more branches and leaves. 'If I did that,' the Chinese artist answered, 'there would be no room for the bird to fly.' " There you have it in a nutshell—the imaginative quality, the allusiveness, which lie behind appearance and which have been the Chinese tradition from time immemorial. Have I given the impression in this brief note that these two Americans are slightly sentimental travellers rather than perspicacious critics?—I hope not, and reaffirm here and now that the book is as notable for its academic learning as it is for its humanity.

Yet another reason for the West's failure to appreciate the subtlety of Eastern art—duly noted in this volume—was the former's bone-headed assumption that everything coming out of China was an amusing curiosity and nothing more. We might as well face the fact that the tough seventeenth- and eighteenth-century traders who ventured so far East were not by any means the types with whom the educated Chinese would care to discuss aesthetics; they were regarded, not without reason, as barbarians, and, to a very great extent, anything specially fine which was exported was more by luck than judgment. Even in recent years, we are told, fine paintings sent to the United States have been returned because they looked so new. Of course they appeared to be fresh from the painter's brush, for they had been kept for centuries rolled away from the light. They were subsequently welcome additions to Chinese collections. We have, in short, if we wish to understand Chinese painting at all, to begin by discarding our obsession that an old painting is necessarily faded or obscured by house dirt.

If we have not yet had the opportunity to appreciate Chinese painting as a whole, one avenue of approach—a limited one, it is true, but possibly of service—has been open to us for about a century. Japanese colour-prints, which are the subject of a Phaidon book, "Japanese Masters of the Colour Print," with an introduction by Mr. J. Hillier, caused a sensation, especially in France, when they first began to come to Europe in, I suppose, the 1860's. Here was something new to the eyes of the West—firm, flowing lines and a remarkable feeling for pattern. Their subjects are largely meaningless to us and their

figures are fashion-plate figures, stylised types rather than human beings, and consequently, in view of our prejudice in favour of portraiture, liable to make us uneasy. At the same time, our sentimental interest

in cherry-blossom, kimonos, obis and what-not—the world of *Madam Butterfly*—is liable to blind us, first to the consummate craftsmanship of these prints, and secondly to the fact that they were something new in the Japan of the seventeenth century, when they began as cheap popular art, romanticising the actors and women of the city of Yedo. Two hundred years witnessed their rise and decline, and we, with our liking for landscape and the difficulty we find in accepting the conventions inherent in the figure subjects, generally prefer the wonderful series of views by Hokusai and Hiroshige which belong to the first fifty years of the nineteenth century—and the many studies of birds and flowers. Nevertheless, once we can accustom our eyes to those conventions we can begin to realise their artistry, and by this means—if we have a mind to pursue the subject

further—establish friendly relations, by the back door, as it were, with the far subtler harmonies of Japanese painting and of the Chinese painting from which it was originally derived. The book is illustrated by nearly a hundred plates, about twenty of which are in colour, the majority from the magnificent collection



ALBUM PICTURE "BIRD" BY PA TA SHAN JÊN, ALSO KNOWN AS CHU TA (1626-1705), MOST FAMOUS OF THE "MONK-PAINTERS" OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY. (Private Collection, China.)

Pa Ta Shan Jên, also known as Chu Ta, was the most famous of the "monk-painters" of the Manchu Dynasty. "He was a descendant of the Ming Imperial family, and when China was conquered by the Manchus, he became a Buddhist priest, living a solitary life in the mountains."

Illustrations by courtesy of Thames and Hudson and Phaidon Press, publishers of the books reviewed on this page.

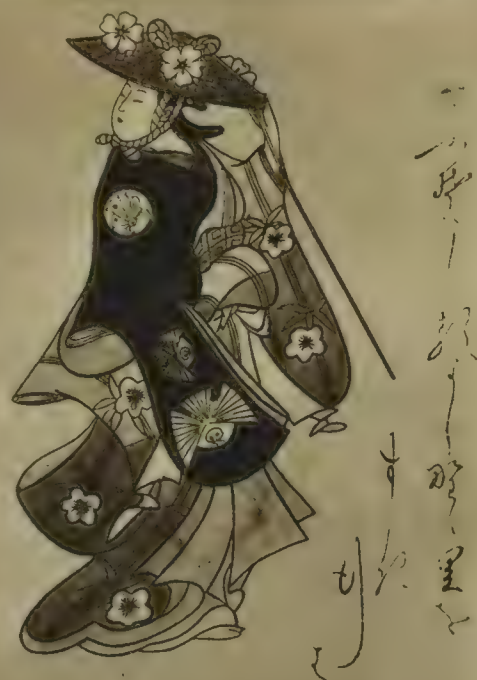


"MOUNTAINS IN SNOW"; BY FAN K'UAN, A SUNG DYNASTY PAINTER WHO FLOURISHED C. A.D. 990-1030. (Pekin Palace Museum.)

"Some critics say that it was with Fan K'uan (active circa A.D. 990-1030) that the Southern School of landscape painting attained its full stature. . . . He is said to have been the first Chinese artist who really understood the construction of mountains. This he considered necessary in order to convey a true impression of their massive strength."

them—wherever they may now be—we offer this book as a small token of our gratitude and admiration of a great people and a great civilisation. . . . If we have succeeded in conveying some sense of the true spirit

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Chinese Art"; by Judith and Arthur Hart Burling. Over 200 illustrations, including colour. (Thames and Hudson; 42s.); and "Japanese Masters of the Colour Print"; A Great Heritage of Oriental Art; by J. Hillier. 93 illustrations in colour and monochrome (Phaidon; £1 7s. 6d.).



"AN ACTOR AS A GIRL DANCING," C. 1715; BY OKUMURA MASANOBU (1686-1764). (British Museum.)

Okumura Masanobu was "one of the central figures of the colour-print movement. . . . Though at times designing stage-prints, he found his material, like Sukenobu, principally in the social life around him. As a bookseller in Yedo, he knew better than most what the new public desired, and was always in the van with innovations, with eye-catching devices. . . ."

in the British Museum. Each artist is the subject of a brief biographical note and their respective signatures are reproduced. This list is, of course, most helpful, provided one remembers that pupils have been known to sign with their master's signatures—not necessarily, I take it, with intent to deceive, but out of politeness. The real test, if I understand Mr. Hillier correctly, is to become acquainted thoroughly with each individual's style.

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE ROYAL DUCHESSES, AND AN R.A.F. OCCASION.



THE PRESENTATION OF A SQUADRON STANDARD TO NO. 24 (COMMONWEALTH) SQUADRON R.A.F.: THE REV. F. W. COCKS CONSECRATING IT WITH AIR MARSHAL GUEST (RIGHT); AND (RIGHT) THE STANDARD BEING MARCHED OFF AFTER THE CEREMONY.

On March 4 Air Marshal Sir Charles Guest, A.O.C.-in-C. Transport Command, presented a Squadron Standard to No. 24 (Commonwealth) Squadron, R.A.F., at Abingdon R.A.F. station. This squadron, with which King George VI. and the Duke of Windsor learned to fly, was formed in 1915, and is the first transport squadron to receive a standard. In 1943 King George VI. announced the award of standards to R.A.F. squadrons which had been in existence for twenty-five years.



ARRIVING AT ALL SAINTS CHURCH, BINFIELD: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH THE HON. MRS. JOHN WILLS. Princess Margaret spent last week-end with her first cousin, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, at Allanby Park, Binfield, Berks. On Sunday her Royal Highness attended morning service at All Saints, Binfield.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POINT-TO-POINT: HER MAJESTY, WATCHING THE RACING FROM A FARM CART, STANDING BETWEEN THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

In spite of the inclement weather her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point meeting at Didmartin, Glos., and watched the racing from a farm cart which had been arranged as a grandstand; and provided with tarpaulin screens to afford the occupants some protection from rain and wind.



EXAMINING THE *CANBERRA* BOMBER WHICH WON THE UNITED KINGDOM-NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE, 1953: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, AIR CHIEF COMMANDANT, W.R.A.F. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester wearing her uniform as Air Chief Commandant, W.R.A.F., visited W.R.A.F. personnel at Technical Training Command H.Q., Brampton, on March 5, and at the R.A.F. station, Wyton. At the latter she examined the *Canberra* bomber which won the U.K.-New Zealand Air Race, 1953.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH HER SON, THE DUKE OF KENT (CENTRE), EXAMINING A COOKING-STOVE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her son, the Duke of Kent, visited the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia on March 3. Our photograph shows with what close attention the Royal visitors examined one of the latest types of cooking-stove on a stand.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A SEA-BIRD SAGA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

"EVERY bird has a history, which is a tale of adventure and fluctuating fortunes, of success, or of failure; for every bird, like every other animal, suffers change. In any study of the life of birds, and the place of birds in nature, an understanding of their numbers is fundamental." These two sentences, with which its third chapter opens, epitomise the contents of "Sea-birds," by James Fisher and R. M. Lockley (Collins, New Naturalist Series No. 28; 25s.). Indeed, we may go further and select as an epitome the last half of the second sentence. That is not to say that the book is aridly statistical, but

the human race has affected markedly the numbers of sea-birds. Without question, mankind has left its mark on their populations, by collecting their eggs or killing the grown birds for food, by introducing animals into their habitats, building on their nesting-sites, fouling the sea or throwing offal overboard on a large scale. It is a dolorous chapter with a gleam of light, sad in the loss of a few species, bright with the obvious change of attitude leading to a general conservation. Even so, it is doubtful whether in these

pages, as in other works of the kind, full justification can be found for the black mark given to our own species.

In the matter of extinction of species it is very easy to throw the full blame on to human avarice or shortsightedness. Yet when we come to count the number of species known to have been rendered extinct in this way, the list is surprisingly short. There are, of course, plenty of species that have been rendered locally extinct or that have been drastically reduced in numbers, but the tally of actual exterminations is small. A species is very difficult to extinguish unless from natural causes it is already in decline. Man is a major predator, it is true. He also is the agent for introducing other predators, but predation pure and simple is seldom the whole cause of species-extinction, except where endemic species on oceanic

islands, as, for example, the dodo, are concerned. The situation is by no means clear, nor easy to argue in a brief space. In our own country and within recent times we have examples, in the two rats, the rabbit and the grey squirrel. The most relentless campaigns against the rats have resulted in no more than a local control. Broadly speaking, the same is true of rabbits, and promises to be true for the squirrel. Looking elsewhere, the quagga, which existed in large numbers in South Africa, was wiped out; but

thought to be extinct, the notornis, marsupial mouse and cahow, and those brought to the verge of extinction, the northern sea-elephant, the sea-otter and the kiwi, all of which have recovered, or are on the way to recovery once they are protected, even although their numbers had been dangerously reduced.

The second of the chapters that aroused my interest more especially, that on the natural influences that control numbers, is almost an essay on survival of animal species. This subject is one to which I have given considerable attention in the last two years, and here I find myself much more in agreement with



ONE OF THE LAST REFUGES OF THE GREAT AUK: ELDEY, ICELAND. THIS REMARKABLE BLOCK OF VOLCANIC TURF, WITH SHEER SIDES AND A FLATTISH TOP, IS DISTINGUISHED BY BEING THE SITE OF THE SECOND LARGEST GANNETRY IN THE WORLD, THE TOP BEING OCCUPIED BY C. 9000 PAIRS OF NESTING GANNETS.

Photograph by James Fisher.

numerical data are given wherever possible. These are seen to best advantage, perhaps, in the chapter dealing with navigation by sea-birds. We can all understand figures, even those of us that cannot successfully add a short column of them, and they are both satisfying and graphic. To read of a Manx shearwater being taken across the Atlantic, where it had never before been, and then to learn that it "homed" the 3200 miles in twelve-and-a-half days, gives us solid ground under our feet, which is more than the shearwater had.

The sub-title of the book reads: "An introduction to the natural history of the sea-birds of the North Atlantic." The contents include dissertations on the structure of the North Atlantic, evolution and the North Atlantic sea-birds, sea-bird numbers and man's influence on them, and these are followed by descriptions of the movements of, navigation by and social behaviour of sea-birds, with six concluding chapters devoted to different groups of sea-birds, the tubenoses, pelicans, skuas, gulls, terns and skimmers, and the auks. The whole is rounded off with a list of species and their distribution, a bibliography, an index to vertebrate species and one to authorities; and adequately illustrated with photographs, maps and diagrams. The sub-title may therefore be construed as a modest appraisal of their task by two competent authorities who, having amassed so much information, realise that their work is the barest beginning.

The two chapters that interested me most are those dealing with man's effect on the numbers of sea-birds and the natural influences that control their numbers. The first of these, after dealing with various censuses that have been taken, gives us a very full history of the extinct great auk, from Neanderthal Man onwards, with a more brief account of several species brought near to extinction. There are also given examples of increases in numbers due to man's activities, as well as the deleterious effects of oil-pollution, and so on. In fact, there are examples illustrating all the ways in which, for good or ill,

it is possible to argue that the Horse family as a whole, geologically speaking, is in decline. Others that have been rendered extinct, or nearly so, within historic times can be shown to have been or to be in decline also. Such are Steller's sea-cow and the rhinoceroses; the latter certainly occupied a diminished range before man began his persecution of them, and a diminished range is one of the best criteria of a species in decline. Then, too, we have those species,



LAUGHING GULLS. "THE BEAUTIFUL LAUGHING GULL (*LARUS ATRICILLA*), WITH THE DARK GLITTERING EYE ENCIRCLED WITH A FIERY RING, IS AN ADEPT AT STEALING EGGS FROM THE NESTS OF TERNS; IT ALSO HAS A TRICK OF ALIGHTING ON THE HEAD OF THE BROWN PELICAN, AND SNATCHING FOOD FROM ITS POUCH. IN TURN IT IS MUCH PURSUED BY SKUAS AND MAN-O'-WAR BIRDS."

(Allan D. Cruickshank, from National Audubon Society.)

Photographs reproduced from the book "Sea-birds"; by Courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

Fisher and Lockley. In the past, writers have tended to emphasise the action of predators or the effects of climate as the prime causes influencing extinction or survival. In "Sea-birds," the authors draw attention to the importance of food. It should be axiomatic that the importance of the food-supply outweighs any other factor, but this is by no means always appreciated. Approaching the problem from a different direction, it appeared to me that it outweighed all

other factors to a greater extent than would appear likely on *a priori* grounds; and Fisher and Lockley seem to have arrived at the same conclusion. They go further than a mere generalisation, however, and give us fascinating reading on specific feeding patterns, differential feeding habits, and other close analyses of the influences exerted by this all-powerful factor in the lives of living things, animal or human.

It is neither possible nor desirable in a brief appreciation such as this to deal adequately with a volume so full of detailed information. This much can, however, be said, that whereas to-day it may be a matter for debate how far man's actions are the cause of extinction or what are the causes of survival or extinction, the Lockleys and the Fishers of 100 or 200 years hence, with the advantages of this summary of evidence, will be much less driven to speculation. Unlike the homing shearwater, they will, indeed, have solid ground under their feet.

Of the many who will read this book, there may be some who, like myself, will not find all the headings to the chapters acceptable.

On page 178 we read: "... the petrels or, as they are known to-day to ornithologists, the tubenoses. . . ." Is that statement strictly correct? Is it not rather a new departure by the few from current terminology? Birds do not have noses, and if petrels' nostrils are tubular so are the nostrils of all animals. Really the name is meaningless. And many readers will be a little puzzled to find cormorants and gannets dealt with in a chapter headed "Pelicans."



PART OF THE GANNETRY AT GRASSHOLM, A BARE, WINDSWEEP ISLAND OFF SOUTH WALES. IT HAS INCREASED FROM ABOUT 60 TO 8500 PAIRS (1952) IN A HUNDRED YEARS, AND THERE IS NO INDICATION THAT IT WILL NOT CONTINUE TO INCREASE. "IN THE LONG RUN, IT IS LIKELY TO BE FOOD-SUPPLY THAT CONTROLS THE NUMBERS OF THE GANNETS, PROVIDED MAN CONTINUES TO LEAVE THEM ALONE."

Photograph by R. M. Lockley.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST MARINE SALVAGE OPERATION: RIGHTING THE EMPRESS OF CANADA.

ON March 6, in the Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, there took place the third biggest marine salvage operation in the world's history and the biggest to take place in this country. This was the righting of the hulk of the liner *Empress of Canada*, which had been resting on its side since January 25, 1953, when the vessel caught fire and capsized; and the operation is comparable only, according to Captain W. R. Coldbeck, marine surveyor and water bailiff of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, with the raising of the *Normandie* at New York in 1942, and the U.S. battleship *Oklahoma* at Pearl Harbour. Girder triangles had been attached to the starboard side of the hull and from these sixteen 9-in. cables were attached to specially installed winches on the dock side. On the starboard of the hulk were hung six weighted pontoons, while

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.)

THE BEGINNING OF BRITAIN'S BIGGEST MARINE SALVAGE OPERATION: WITH THE WINCHES HAULING SIXTEEN CABLES, AND THE BUOYANCY CHAMBERS ON THE PORT SIDE AND THE COUNTER-POISE CHAMBERS ON THE STARBOARD DOING THEIR WORK, THE HULK BEGINS TO RIGHT ITSELF IN THE GLADSTONE DOCK, LIVERPOOL.



SECURE AND UPRIGHT (OR VERY NEARLY SO) ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DOCK: THE SALVAGED *EMPRESS OF CANADA*, AT REST AFTER THE HOUR-LONG OPERATION WHICH HAULED HER OVER INTO A POSITION IN WHICH SHE CAN BE MADE WATERTIGHT AND REFLOATED, AND SO REMOVED TO THE SHIPBREAKER'S YARD.

Continued.]

on the port side chambers for containing compressed air were fitted. The operation began at 12.30 p.m. and went according to plan. In 12½ mins. the ship was hauled up through 44 degrees, but had been hauled across the dock about 20 ft. After readjustment of the tackle, however, she was soon brought over and

settled on the mud with an 11 to 9 degrees list. From this position she will be refloated and towed away to a shipbreaker's yard. The operation, which took about an hour, was watched by experts from several nations. Her scrap value is about £50,000, but the salvage operation will cost about £375,000.

DROUGHT AND FLOOD, SPORT AND RIOT, AND OTHER NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



TO BE THE LONDON HOME OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: WINFIELD HOUSE, IN REGENT'S PARK, NOW BEING VACATED BY THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE.
Winfield House, a mansion with 14 acres of gardens, in Regent's Park, was built in 1936 for Miss Barbara Hutton, and so named from the middle name of Mr. Frank Winfield Woolworth, her grandfather. In 1946 she gave it to the U.S. State Department as a home for the American Ambassador. It has recently been used as a club for U.S.A.F. officers.



A FIRE ENGINE WHICH ABANDONS THE TRADITIONAL RED: A NEW FIRE ENGINE FOR THE KENT FIRE BRIGADE, WITH UNPAINTED EMBOSSED ALUMINIUM SIDES.

In Kent the familiar all-red fire engine is being abandoned in favour of one with unpainted aluminium sides. The Kent Fire Brigade consider that the high-gloss paint is too expensive to maintain and is too easily scratched and damaged in passing through narrow country lanes. Vehicles of the new type were recently exhibited at Maidstone.



FILLING A RESERVOIR BY RAILWAY: WATER TANKS BEING HAULED TO FILL A RESERVOIR NEAR KANSAS CITY. The reservoir for Olathe, Kansas, shrank through drought from 58 to 2 acres; and recently water has been hauled by railway tank car from Kansas City at the rate of 300,000 gallons a day.



MOUNTED POLICE RESTRAINING THE CROWD AT GEORGETOWN AFTER BOTTLES HAD BEEN THROWN IN THE THIRD TEST.

The Third Test against the West Indies was won at Georgetown, British Guiana, on March 2 by 9 wickets (England 435 and 75 for 1; West Indies, 251 and 256). The third day (February 27) was however marred by an outburst by the spectators, over the running-out of McWatt, when bottles and boxes were thrown on the field, and play held up.



IN THE TRAIL OF THE QUEENSLAND-N.S.W. CYCLONE: RAILWAY TRACK NEAR KYOGLE TORN OUT OF LINE. In the Queensland-N.S.W. floods following the cyclone of the week-end February 20-21, much damage was done to the inter-State railway, the line being broken in about forty places.



WRECKAGE OF THE COMET AIRLINER, INCLUDING A SECTION OF THE TAIL, IN THE HOLD OF THE FLEET AUXILIARY FORT BEAUHARNOIS, FOR TRANSPORT TO THE U.K. Speaking of the search for the remains of the Comet airliner which crashed in the sea near Elba, Admiral the Earl Mountbatten said on March 5 that the task was likely to continue for at least another six weeks. Some of the recovered fragments have been despatched from Malta to the United Kingdom.



TROUBLE ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD: A MEXICO CITY POLICEMAN CLUBBING A SPECTATOR WHO HAD ASSAULTED A BRAZILIAN PLAYER DURING A MATCH IN WHICH A BRAZILIAN TEAM BEAT A MEXICAN TEAM BY 1-0.



(UPPER.) SHORTLY BEFORE THE ATTACK ON HIS LIFE: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO LEAVING THE PALACE TO ATTEND PRAYERS IN THE MARRAKESH MOSQUE. (LOWER.) AFTER THE ASSASSIN'S ATTACK: PISTOLS ARE DRAWN AROUND THE BLOOD-SPATTERED SULTAN, WHO WAS WOUNDED OVER THE EYE.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE SECOND ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: SCENES IN MARRAKESH.

On March 5 the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohamed Ben Moulay Arafa, who is visiting Marrakesh, was slightly injured by a bomb which was thrown during Friday prayer in the Marrakesh Mosque. As the bomb exploded at the Sultan's feet, the Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, who had escaped unscathed from a similar attempt a fortnight before, drew his revolver and fired at a man who was running from the courtyard. Police fired also, and the man fell dead.

The sixty-five-year-old Sultan walked unaided out of the mosque to his car, saluting the crowds as he went; his white robe was stained with blood. A medical bulletin issued afterwards said that the Sultan's general health was excellent. This was the second attempt on the Sultan's life since he came to power last August after the French had deposed his predecessor. Two of the Sultan's aides also received injuries in the bomb incident on March 5.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MEMORY TEST.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT seems a long time since a young man used to stop me in the main street of a provincial city, draw me into a passage that led (I believe) to a billiards-saloon, take from his pocket a sheet of manuscript written in a singularly beautiful hand, and read to me—there and then—the latest lines of his long poem. The poem was called "Mnemosyne." To-day the author, who is now a distinguished scenic designer, has probably—and surprisingly—forgotten his work. The very street where we met has vanished. But I do not forget. Poets were rare in that city. And, indeed, it is rare, at any time, to meet one in high career in a busy street. "Mnemosyne" has stayed in my mind ever since—a blessed name.

Recently she has been with me at the theatre. Every night I have sat at the play, something has reminded me of something else. "One thing do lead to another," as the old woman is reputed to have said of her first dictionary. Thus, at a revue, "You'll Be Lucky" (Adelphi), I found myself thinking during the interval of people and places hundreds of miles from the Strand. All my memories were of the city in which I had heard that poem read. Mnemosyne was still guarding her own.

A pair of comedians began a bout of china-smashing. Plates dropped all over the stage, first one, then another, then—gloriously—a whole toppling pile. This could have gone on for hours; but it had to stop, no doubt because the rest of the crockery was needed for another performance. Every time Lauri Lupino Lane, chubby and self-conscious, let a plate slip, I recalled a Broker's Man in one of my earliest pantomimes, who swept a whole load of crockery from a kitchen shelf. O the dashing and the smashing!

O the crashing and the bashing! It splinters still in my grateful ears; I seem to catch the long-indrawn gasping of the wives and mothers around me, half-enjoying, half-terrified—and maybe wondering whether their children would use the pantomime as an excuse when, at home, the next piece of china slid in smithereens upon the tiles.

A gentler comedian, Al Read, reminded me of a scene in the same Western city. Mr. Read, a tall, mild man, cheerfully self-possessed, was making a few humorous observations. And, marking his enviable

saying "You'll be looking after me, Fred? Just a noise or two in between, old man." Out he went again, with his dogs, into the cold spring sleet.

I gathered that the "rehearsal" had ended; I never attended one again. That night I did not recognise anybody. The tall, mild man (without dogs) was hilariously comic for fifteen minutes, and I dare say Fred made the right noises. Mnemosyne had kept that memory for me. At the Adelphi I half felt that Mr. Read, like that comedian of years ago, would murmur, "You'll be looking after me, Fred?", and stroll off again. I was aware that he remained on

amateur dramatist and her stage direction, "Hissing slightly, she slapped her farthingale.") And the Adelphi Armada was, in two senses, a messenger from the past.

I have only one other thing to mention—a pasted scene by the comedians who had smashed crockery. This I found less amusing. It recalled another pantomime; but in that the paperhangers had indeed tried to paper their walls, and the pasted scene and deluging were incidental. The Adelphi's mock paperhangers made only the smallest efforts to do any work. Their sole concern was to get as much as possible of the sticky stuff upon each other in as short a time as they could. It was not very funny.

What else? Sally Barnes (an agreeable presence), the Tiller Girls: it is a fully-cargoed twice-nightly revue, a queer mixture of the slick and the rough-and-ready; and it will probably serve its purpose at the Adelphi as its predecessors did. At present I can think of it only as a return to the past. Mnemosyne can be capricious.

She was capricious, too, during "The Fifth Season" at the Cambridge. This is a potentially amusing, but slow-paced, little play about a struggling New York fashion business and the domestic affairs of practically everyone concerned with it. The five seasons are the usual quartet, with "Slack" added: it is too often the Slack Season in the Seventh Avenue business of Goodwin-Pincus. During slack moments theatrically, and when I was not admiring the velvety, insinuating comedy of Joseph Buloff—a Jewish actor who reminded me often of others with a similar taking personality—I was remembering that I had once seen Peggy Livesey (apt now as a harried wife) as Little Lord Fauntleroy, collar and all; and that the

charming Joy Parker, seen here as a book-keeper on the verge of marriage, had been a most moving and delicate actress in plays more rewarding than this.

Last, Mnemosyne reminded me that, some years ago, during the recording of a B.B.C. programme I had written about Thomas Dekker, I asked the producer the name of the burly young man who spoke Sim Eyre, the shoemaker, with so much enjoyment. His zest and appreciation were uncommon. "That," said the producer, "is Dylan Thomas." It did not excite me as no doubt it should have done, for as a



"THIS IS A POTENTIALLY AMUSING, BUT SLOW-PACED, LITTLE PLAY ABOUT A STRUGGLING NEW YORK FASHION BUSINESS AND THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF PRACTICALLY EVERYONE CONCERNED WITH IT": "THE FIFTH SEASON" (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH A GOODWIN-PINCUS CREATION IS SHOWN TO A BUYER, WITH (L. TO R.) MIDGE (ELIZABETH WALLACE); CAROLINE (HILDA CHRISTIAN); JOHNNY GOODWIN (RON RANDELL); DOLORES (ANNE VALERY); MAX PINCUS (JOSEPH BULOFF); MILES LEWIS (CAMPBELL SINGER) AND FERELLI (GUIDO LORRAINE).

the stage, that he was being gently amusing (frenzied now and then), and that he could time a line and spring a joke without apparent effort. But Mnemosyne had decreed that, for a moment, I must be uncritical.

Just before the interval she gave me another dig in the ribs—if that is not putting it ungracefully—when the producer offered, for my benefit alone, a series of pictures of the defeat of the Armada. We began with a modern scene at an inn on Plymouth Hoe—I have to italicise the word—and passed, by way of Lisbon, to some curious pictures of bucketing galleons, sparking



"A FULLY-CARGOED TWICE-NIGHTLY REVUE, A QUEER MIXTURE OF THE SLICK AND THE ROUGH-AND-READY; AND IT WILL PROBABLY SERVE ITS PURPOSE AT THE ADELPHI AS ITS PREDECESSOR DID": "YOU'LL BE LUCKY" (ADELPHI), SHOWING THE SHOW PEOPLE IN "THE SHOW COMES TO TOWN" NUMBER FROM THE REVUE.

nonchalance, my mind drifted to a morning when, new to journalism, I had gone to a music-hall "rehearsal," expecting that I should see exactly what would take place that night. By no means. A few people wandered vaguely on to the stage and had some talk, in undertones, with the conductor of the orchestra. A few scraps of paper, with pencilled notes, changed hands. Now and then the conductor whistled thoughtfully. The members of his orchestra made no attempt to play a note.

At last a tall, mild man, cheerfully self-possessed—like Mr. Read, in fact—sauntered on, a pair of terriers at his heel. He was the week's star comedian; I expected that in a minute the audience—that is to say, two cleaners, myself and the dust-sheets—would dissolve into laughter. But all the strange man did was to advance on the conductor,

away and going down in canvas seas among a strong acrid smell. It was not a good stage spectacle—the cinema should be allowed its fun—but again it took me back. In my city Drake was a word of power. No year was complete without an Armada pageant, bowls-on-the-Hoe, false beards, and much tushery. (I am reminded—Mnemosyne once more—of an

poet Dylan Thomas—though I recognised his verbal power—was a taste I had not acquired. But "Under Milk Wood," the posthumous radio-play that has also had two Sunday readings at the Old Vic, has shown how exciting his talent could be. It is the story of a spring day in a little Welsh seaside town "head over bells in love." It is a glitter of imagery. Its characters swoop to life—there is no other word—and, throughout, one hears words that seem to be used for the first time. And it is a loving play. As I listened to the voices of Sybil Thorndike, Richard Burton, Emlyn Williams and the rest, raised in Dylan Thomas's music, I realised that while he was writing it, Mnemosyne had been at his shoulder, recalling, beckoning, prompting. It is a play of memory—at daybreak and in the afternoon, as "dusk showers slowly down," and as the night breaks softly over Wales.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE FIFTH SEASON" (Cambridge Theatre).—It is a pity that this little American comedy dawdles along. There are possibilities in Sylvia Regan's anecdote of a New York fashion business (and of what goes on outside business hours). As it is, we are glad to welcome so quietly inventive a comedian as Joseph Buloff. (February 24.)
 "YOU'LL BE LUCKY" (Adelphi).—It all depends how you feel. Al Read, at the head of this twice-nightly revue, is a genial humorist, Sally Barnes is always pleasant, and the rest is an odd mixture of slapstick, able dancing and one eccentric "spectacle." (February 25.)
 "UNDER MILK WOOD" (Old Vic).—Dylan Thomas's posthumous poem-play, a zestful creation of one day in the life of a small Welsh town by the sea, was read with unerring effect by such people as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Richard Burton and Emlyn Williams. (February 28.)



IN THE WORKSHOP OF DR. COPPELIUS: SWANILDA (NADIA NERINA) AND HER FRIENDS DISCOVER THAT THE LOVELY COPPELIA, WHO HAS ROUSED THEIR JEALOUSY, IS ONLY A MECHANICAL DOLL.



SETTING THE CHINESE DOLL (JUDITH SINCLAIR) IN MOTION: SWANILDA (NADIA NERINA) IN DR. COPPELIUS'S WORKSHOP.



WITH DR. COPPELIUS (FREDERICK ASHTON): SWANILDA (NADIA NERINA) PRETENDING TO BE COPPELIA.



IN THEIR WEDDING DAY PAS-DE-DEUX: SWANILDA (NADIA NERINA) AND FRANZ (DAVID BLAIR).



A SPELL TO TRANSFER THE SOUL OF FRANZ (DAVID BLAIR) TO COPPELIA: DR. COPPELIUS (FREDERICK ASHTON).



THE JOYFUL REUNION OF FRANZ (DAVID BLAIR) AND SWANILDA (NADIA NERINA): THE WEDDING SCENE.



THE MASQUE OF THE HOURS DURING THE MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES: AURORA (ANYA LINDEN) DANCING A SOLO, WITH THE MORNING HOURS (LEFT).

"COPPELIA," WITH SCENERY AND COSTUMES BY OSBERT LANCASTER: A NEW PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet new production of "Coppelia" had its *première* on March 2 and was given subsequent performances during that and the following week; and is due to be seen on March 17, 19 and 27. On the opening night Nadia Nerina and David Blair danced the leading rôles of Swanilda and Franz, Miss Nerina giving a performance of exquisite grace and delicious humour; and they are alternating in the rôles at other performances with different leading members of the ballet. Osbert Lancaster's costumes are gay and delightful, and he has furnished Dr. Coppélius's workshop, in which the automata are set in

motion by the playful Swanilda and her friends, with a number of extra contraptions and mobiles. "Coppelia," to music by Delibes, with choreography by Lev Ivanov and Cecchetti, was first produced in Paris in 1870. The story tells how Swanilda is jealous of the lovely Coppelia, and enters Dr. Coppélius's workshop with her friends, only to find that Coppelia is a doll. She pretends to be the doll, and the old Doctor believes he has managed to animate his toy, but Coppelia-Swanilda gets out of hand, and he discovers the trick. But all ends happily with gifts of gold from the Prince, and wedding-bells for Franz and Swanilda.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is no use relying on subject as a guide to tone; you just can't tell what to expect. How, for example, would you conceive a story of the "missing link"—of a four-handed, ape-like race who may just possibly be men, and whose true status is resolved by means of human crossing and infanticide? Could anything be more repellent at a glance, or more uncomfortable when you think it out? Such is the theme of "Borderline," by Vercors (Macmillan; 11s. 6d.). Yet for its character, pleasing is hardly the right word; I should suggest delightful as a better fit.

The English reader will find it gratifying into the bargain. For this French novel has an English cast—though, to be sure, as a mere accident of the debate. What was required was an appeal to English law and government, largely for comic ends. Still, it is human to be interested in one's own portrait, proud to engross the scene, and puffed up on the least excuse. Here we have plenty of excuse.

These English are uncommonly nice people; though rather stammering and artless, they are far from dull; and even their proverbial hypocrisy, which has a leading part, assists the triumph of the angels.

For I may say at once, there is a happy ending. There is a charming curtain-raiser, too—a London idyll, for which I have no space, but which lands Douglas Templemore in an expedition to New Guinea. Greame and his party are searching for the missing link; but they expect it to be fossilised. Instead, they lose their way and come upon the tropics, "half ape and already man." The question *Which?* unsettles nobody but Douglas, and he is told it has no meaning. How many pebbles make a heap? Creatures are what they are; it doesn't matter what they're called.

But it turns out to matter. First, an Australian shark with a controlling interest in the region sees that its "fauna" would be God's gift to a woollen mill. And then a rival shark has a still wider inspiration. Clearly there is no single human species, only a "family of hominids," descending from the White or True Man to the chimpanzee. Members "improperly called human" should be graded down. . . . By now the Greame party are in dismay; but as regards the tropics they are stumped. They have tried artificial crossing, with man (for which the volunteer is Douglas) and the greater apes, and been successful every time. The sole remaining chance is an appeal to law. So Douglas kills one of his little "troplets," which has been duly registered and christened, and informs the police. He is content, if necessary, to be hanged, not for the tropics' sake, but for a definition of the human being.

And he secures one in the end, by Act of Parliament. The next point is to bring the tropics under it—which must be done, both for humanitarian and textile reasons. And done it is, with equal ingenuity and soundness, in the teeth of the apparent facts. An intellectual comedy of the first class, and of the most pervasive charm. Though how the prime, unvarnished definition could ever be a guide to conduct, I have no idea.

OTHER FICTION.

Still, it is hard to tear oneself away. And "To the Quayside," by Louis Golding (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), gives me an awkward job, for I have not been following the tale of Elsie Silver, which is here concluded. Though the main facts emerge: during the war, Elsie betrayed her country and her race, married a German General, and thus became anathema to her own people. Then she was chased into the Warsaw ghetto, where she swabbed wounds, dug the child Mila from the rubble, and redeemed her soul. This underground, devoted Elsie has another name; she is a Jewish heroine called Channah. But she can't shed the unknown pariah, conscious of mortal sin. Now peace has broken out; Mila, at seventeen, has found a husband, and "Channah" can't go on. Mila and Leon intend to steal Jews from the camps, and smuggle them into the Promised Land. But Elsie heads for South America—there to collect her husband's fortune, and to live at ease. Only, of course, it doesn't work. She is aroused by Mila's heart-broken contempt, spends everything on two ships for Haganah, and flies straight back to make it right. Mila is then at Port-de-Bouc, loading the *Exodus* for Palestine. It is impossible to pin her down, and Elsie, almost unaware, finds herself queuing up with the refugees. This is her first step to the grave. But the whole saga of the *Exodus*, from the first quayside to the lodestone rock—the fatal soil of Germany—is independently superb, and would in any case be the main thing.

"Proud Waters," by Ewart Brookes (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.), is a much simpler kind of war book; in fact, the same kind as "The Cruel Sea." Though here the field is minesweeping, and, I should say, the gift of popularity is nothing like. There are some efforts at a "story," but they soon expire. Haley, the new captain of *Arandite*, has been transferred from a destroyer, to his own disgust. He starts off with a peck of trouble, because the last commander has unhinged the crew; but in a brace of shakes they are all right again. Next the two firebrands, Meredith and Regan, have a mortal row; but it is almost instantly composed. And so in every case; everything comes to nothing, but the Gap, the job—the cruel, obscure, interminable, vital job. No one could possibly be bored; this rather heavy-handed fiction is the real stuff.

"The Book of the Crime," by Elizabeth Daly (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), starts with a terrified young wife going "underground." Rena was working for a New York publisher when, on a bench in Central Park, she met the sad and beautiful ex-airman with the brace on his leg. Within a month she was his wife, and three weeks afterwards it had gone wrong. Since then, she has endured a year with him and his inseparable family in his depressing house, inherited from a rich uncle. None of the three do a hand's turn; Jerome and Hildreth live on their brother Gray, and Gray lives on his income. And now he seems to have run mad—because she picked a book or two from a collection of old trials, to plug a rattling door. So she escapes to Henry Gamadge. Henry disguises her in nursemaid's uniform, and goes to work. And very nice work, too—one of the neatest, simplest and most attractive stories by this refined practitioner. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE ARTS OF THE TABLE.

THE marginalia of history can sometimes be as illuminating as the full text. For that reason I found "Royal Chef," by Gabriel Tschumi (Kimber; 16s.), of unusual interest. For over fifty years M. Tschumi, the first Swiss to enter the Royal kitchens, worked for the Royal family, ending his career as chef to Queen Mary at Marlborough House. It is not a great book. It points no moral and the tale is not of great importance. It is not particularly well written. It is often endearingly naive or unconsciously funny. It paints a picture, however, of a recently past age which could scarcely be bettered: of the fourteen-course meals of the Victorians—only slightly reduced in Edwardian times. The little closed world of Kings and Princes, Electors and Serene Highnesses, all related (and largely Germanic), which crumbled into ruins with the First World War, is excellently evoked. The lavish scale on which everything was done in the Royal kitchens of Victorian-Edwardian days makes us, in our austerity-haunted times, goggle. How they managed it is a source of continuing wonder. Queen Alexandra, we are told, who had a delicate appetite, rarely had more than "an *Ouf en cocotte*, but she often finished breakfast with a little cold meat in jelly. The King's tastes were more hearty. He liked to have haddock, poached eggs, bacon, chicken and woodcock before setting out on a day's shooting or racing. The order for the postponement of King Edward's Coronation banquet—a postponement due to his illness—was only given late on the previous evening. Crowns and thrones might perish, but far greater problems confronted the Royal chefs. What was to be done with the food for the 250 guests on the morrow? How to dispose of 2500 quails, the huge amounts of cooked chicken, partridge, sturgeon and cutlets. The vast quantities of jellies. In the end (though the caviar and the quails could be kept on ice), the rest was distributed, as M. Tschumi reveals, by the Sisters of the Poor in Whitechapel and the East End. On June 26, the no doubt somewhat astounded inhabitants of that part of London received the "Consommé de faisan aux quenelles, Cotelettes de becassines à la Souvaroff" and the other dishes on which M. Tschumi and his fellow-artists had been working for weeks before. One can only hope that they appreciated it and did not—like the British unit on the Caspian who, after World War I, received vast quantities of caviar—nearly mutiny because of their objection to what they called "this 'ere salty black-currant jam." It all seems so long ago, and yet the events, the Coronations, the State visits, the Royal marriages, the wars, the austerities which M. Tschumi chronicles from his highly specialised point of view of catering for Royal and distinguished tummies, is easily covered by his comparatively short seventy-years span. The captains and the kings have long departed. The Royal Ice-man, whose job it was to provide the blocks of "home" ice for the Royal ice-box from the frozen rivers and ponds ("the winters were much harder in England fifty years ago and there was never any shortage"), is long forgotten. Where once M. Tschumi could estimate that "one good-sized chicken could make about six nice pieces, each containing only the finest parts of the bird," now he records disapprovingly "at banquets and State functions it is first boiled, then puréed, and about twenty-four servings are obtained from the same amount."

M. Tschumi nowhere specifically says so, but the great days ended for him with the death of King Edward. Though Queen Mary took a close interest in the *grande cuisine* (as she did in any branch of the arts), King George V.'s simple tastes in soups and plain English cooking must have been a private source of grief to his chefs. Ichabod. The glory has departed. The catering for big Royal occasions is done by an outside firm with a deserved reputation in the mass-production field. M. Tschumi lives in retirement with his Royal photographs and his memories. As I say, it is not a great book, but it is a profoundly interesting one.

For balletomanes I imagine that "A History of Russian Ballet," by Serge Lifar, translated by Arnold Haskell (Hutchinson; 21s.), will be a "must." M. Lifar, himself so great an exponent, covers the Russian ballet from its comparatively recent inception (what we know as the Russian ballet appears only to have taken distinctive shape in the mid-nineteenth century) to the present day. He traces the elements, Pan-Aryan, Turkish and Tartar, which have produced this highly distinctive school, reminding us that the fire of the male dancing is "obviously borrowed from the Tartars and the women's languid arm movements from the Turks." Not the least interesting is the account of the Diaghileff ballet, which M. Lifar was, of course, able to study at first hand—remarking at one point, with engaging modesty, that "Serge Lifar was a great disappointment" to the great man—and a final chapter on the Soviet ballet. Here, of course, the artist and White Russian in M. Lifar find themselves slightly at variance. However, undeterred by the possibility of being called an "imperialistic fascist crocodile," M. Lifar's study of the Soviet ballet is sympathetic.

From the arts of the table and the boards we pass to the astral. The late Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., was a well-known authority on psychic phenomena. His posthumous book, "Ghosts and Poltergeists" (Burns Oates; 16s.), deals little with the former, but a great deal with the latter. Nobody seems to know exactly what causes the extraordinary manifestations, authenticated in hundreds of cases, connected with the forces roughly called poltergeists. Father Thurston's conclusions were that in nearly every case poltergeist manifestations seem to be connected with young or adolescent people, and that poltergeists, though mischievous—often intolerably so—seldom, if ever, cause serious physical harm, and that they remained impervious to exorcism. This makes an interesting rather than an alarming bedside book.

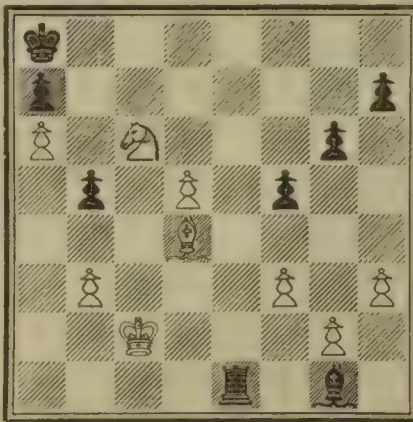
Mr. Stanley D. Porteus calls his book "Calabashes and Kings" (Harrap; 15s.), "An Introduction to Hawaii." Alas, those delectable isles are so far away that, for most of us, his book is likely to be the only introduction to them. It appears to be an enchanted place where, however, volcanic violence and subterranean tremors do something to spoil the lotus-eating quality of the islands. A delightful book for which I am indebted to Mr. Porteus. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT India, the cradle of chess (which originated there about A.D. 600) can still produce players of outstanding ability was evidenced in the 1930's by the sudden appearance of Sultan Khan who, despite the handicap of having played under slightly different rules, proved stronger than any opponent Great Britain could produce and as good as most of the Continental masters. Sultan Khan returned to his native land as abruptly as he had emerged and disappeared from the chess news almost overnight. I am told that he is now living at Sargodha.

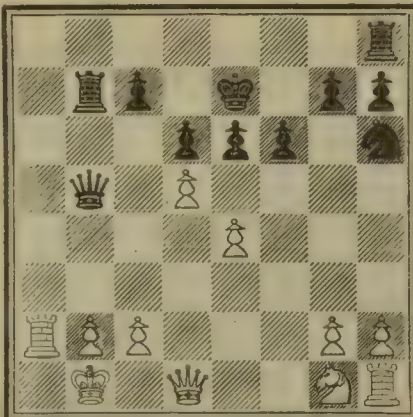
My informant is a fourteen-year-old boy named Naseer Husain, who certainly seems gifted with exceptional ability, for he has been handling roughly all the adult experts from miles around him. Here are two bits of fine play from his recent games.



Naseer Husain (White) has given up rook for knight to imprison his opponent's (Kasim Ali Khan's) king in the corner and advance his queen's pawn. He now concludes neatly:

- | | | | |
|---------|--------|---------|---------|
| 1. B×B | R×B | 4. K-Q4 | R-Q8ch |
| 2. P-Q6 | R-K8ch | 5. K-K5 | R-K8ch |
| 3. K-Q3 | R-Kt8 | 6. K-Q5 | Resigns |

because the QP will obviously cost him his rook.



Here, as White against Abul Hasan, he realises with remarkable insight on his third move that he can safely switch from defence to attack:

- | | |
|--------------|-------|
| 1. Kt-B3 | R-R1! |
| 2. Kt-Q4 | Q-Kt3 |
| 3. Kt-B6ch! | K-B2 |
| 4. Q-R5ch | P-Kt3 |
| 5. Q×Kt! | R×R |
| 6. Q×RPch | K-B1 |
| 7. Q-R8ch | K-B2 |
| 8. P×Pch | K×P |
| 9. Q-K8 mate | |

With mate hanging over his own head all the time! Flaws might be found in some of his opponent's moves but, with the shock of Sultan Khan's successes in our memories still, few of us are likely to under-estimate Pakistani play.

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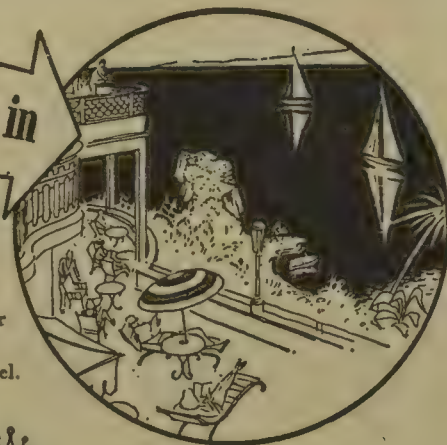
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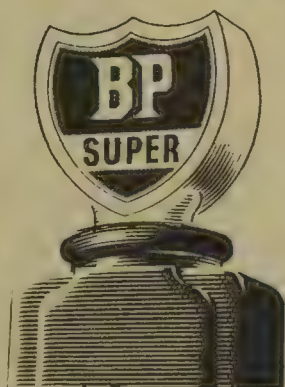
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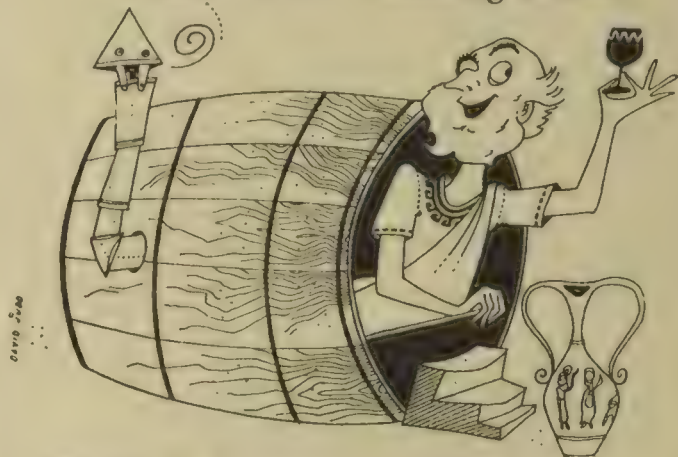
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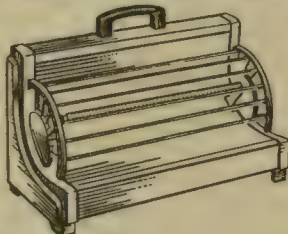
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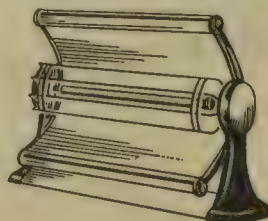
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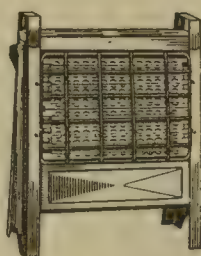
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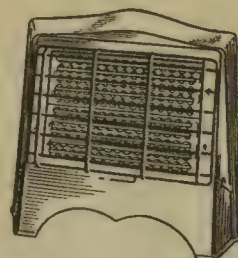
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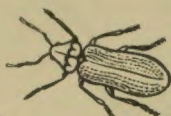
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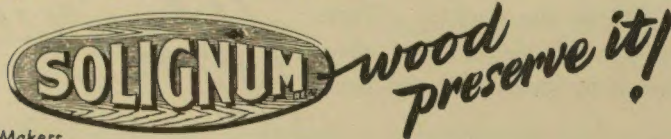
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